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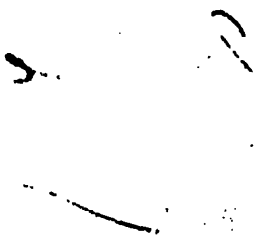

The Musings of Uncle Silas.

BY B. B. CLARKE.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK W. HOPKINS

1904
THE AMERICAN THRESHERMAN
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gift
Young E. Allison
7-18-52.

TO the memory of my beloved son, Harry D. Clarke, whose short and useful life was an inspiration, and whose hands helped lay the foundation of whatever success I may have attained, this little book is affectionately dedicated.

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

THE "Musings of Uncle Silas" did not emanate from any well laid plan to divorce the public from its hard earned shekels. These crude thoughts, gathered up along the pathway of life, naked as so many wild Igorrotes in the Philippine jungle, were clothed with original fig leaves and set before my readers, just as a pot of dandelion greens is offered as an apology for a dinner by some frugal woodsman, and tickles the palate of the tired traveler and causes him to consider it a luxury. They have been read, however, in almost every nation on earth, and a demand for their publication in simple book form, within the reach of the humble as well as the rich, is my apology. If you enjoy any of the things herein, tell the author so. He needs your sympathy, likewise your money. If they fail to reach the spot, do as the Japs have done, take Peruna. Sending this book through the mails may bring me diamonds or even handcuffs; in either case, I shall endeavor to bear it with Christian fortitude.

THE AUTHOR.

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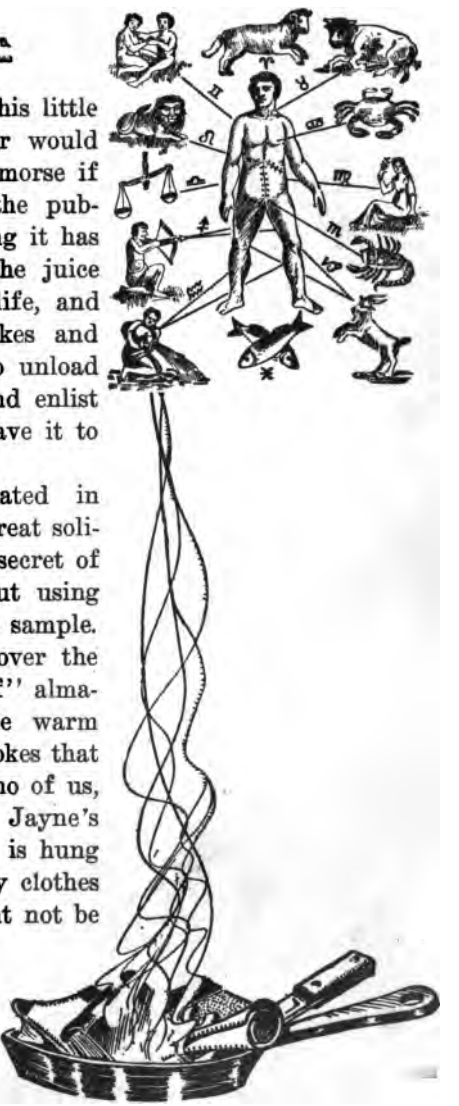
The Enacting Clause

IN BEGINNING this little volume the author would feel a briar of remorse if he did not tell the public what a pudding it has been to squeeze the juice out of everyday life, and serve it up as original jokes and what a relief it has been to unload his troubles in early life, and enlist sympathy from those who have it to spare.

Therefore, having meditated in deep silence, and fasted in great solitude, we confide to you the secret of making literary hash without using too many onions, and offer you a sample.

Who of us has not pondered over the pages of "Radway's Ready Relief" almanacs and noted, along with the warm propositions of regulation doses, jokes that sometimes caused a smile? Or who of us, having become interested in Dr. Jayne's Vermifuge, where the tape worm is hung up in regular coils like the family clothes line, has not wondered if he might not be similarly affected?



All little books with big circulations, pertaining to health, begin their enacting clauses by having a Zodiacal chart, well to the front, showing a man divested of all metallic substances, and whose front ranks are not properly clothed. Owing to the modesty of the author, our artist has, by aid of a belt punch and leather lace, left only the scars. This is the key to the situation. Profane history tells us that Doctor Franklin got this idea of illustrating an almanac, but, on account of the extreme sensitiveness of his set in Boston, published it under the alias of Poor Richard. Dr. Franklin organized this menagerie in early life, and the author is the first man, using his stage settings, to change the style of trade-mark. The suggestion forced itself upon me, after a brief visit to the British Museum, where I found too many people hewn out of stone who appeared in even more destitute circumstances.

Mr. Zodiac resembles Captain Georgus Constantinus, the noble Greek who used to travel around with Barnum and get as full as Buffalo Bill used to when taming bronchos and killing Indians.

Mr. Zodiac has his "Aries," whatever

that is, slightly depressed, but he could fix that all right by wearing a high collar of the present style. His lamb-like innocence makes up for the trifling defects elsewhere.

It will be observed that old "Taurus" is no rubberneck, but complacently chews his cud because he has nothing else to chew.

The Tropic of "Cancer" is a good lodging place for deviled crabs, but don't eat them on an empty stomach.

"Virgo" was not feeling very well when she sat for this picture; she had taken a dose of Rocky Mountain Tea, and it had not had compassion on her at the time.

"Scorpio" reminds us of a broiled lobster, and the warm reception that awaits his executioner on the other shore. There are lots of ways to put a lobster to death, but just why the most cruel way makes him taste the best, deponent sayeth not.

Old "Capricornus" de Billie Goatus looks as natural as life, and, like a newspaper man, is ready to return thanks for anything found coming his way. He is not averse to a circus poster, or to blowing the froth off of the element which largely made Milwaukee famous.

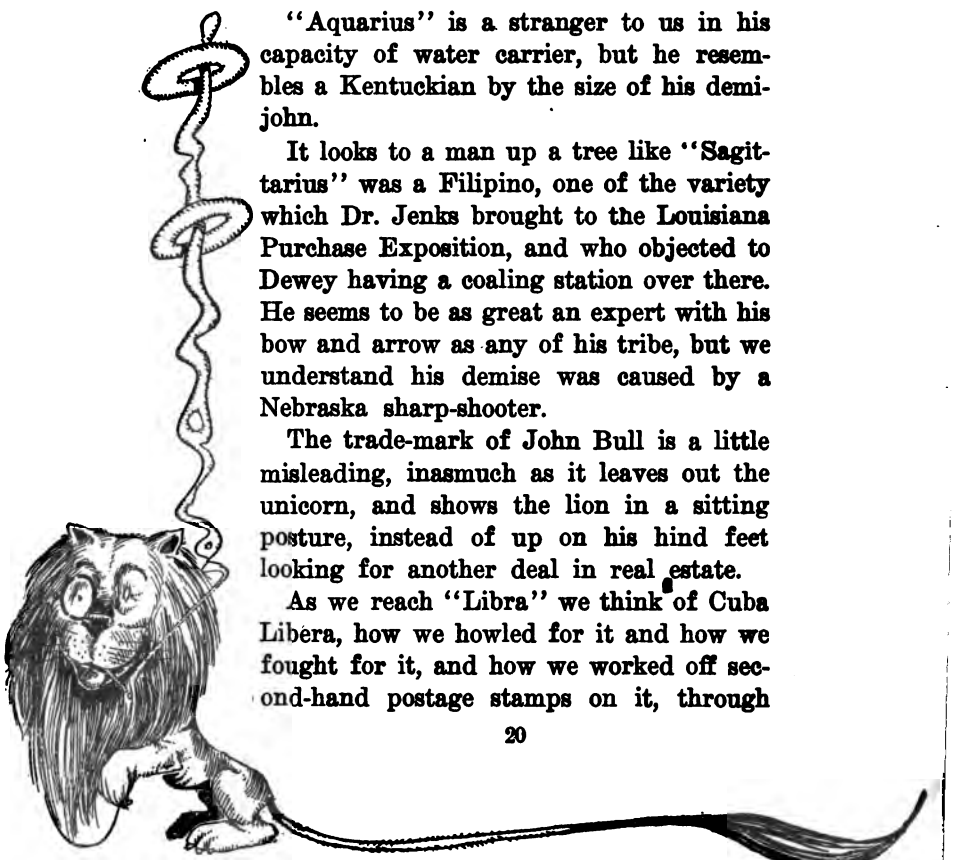
"Pisces" is the high-tone way of saying, "You fish, you!" History fails to blaze the way to the information as to whether these fish are of the tribe of Jonah, or the sharks of Monte Carlo, but we are inclined to think they are either bullheads or suckers.

"Aquarius" is a stranger to us in his capacity of water carrier, but he resembles a Kentuckian by the size of his demijohn.

It looks to a man up a tree like "Sagittarius" was a Filipino, one of the variety which Dr. Jenks brought to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and who objected to Dewey having a coaling station over there. He seems to be as great an expert with his bow and arrow as any of his tribe, but we understand his demise was caused by a Nebraska sharp-shooter.

The trade-mark of John Bull is a little misleading, inasmuch as it leaves out the unicorn, and shows the lion in a sitting posture, instead of up on his hind feet looking for another deal in real estate.

As we reach "Libra" we think of Cuba Libera, how we howled for it and how we fought for it, and how we worked off second-hand postage stamps on it, through



Mr. Neely, late of Indiana. We wonder what Spain thinks of us now. How the Cubans yelled, "Bravo, Americano," and "Whoop-la, Lydia Pinkham!" and other Latin names at us. How we swore by the Great Mumbo Jumbo, and Grand Cyclop of the Pen-Jab, that Cuba should be free, and then voted a protectorate over it, while the Cubans wanted us to vamoose the ranch without stopping to wipe our guns, after we cleaned out the Spanish down there. No wonder the steelyards lop over on one side with shame, and Justice hides her head.

"Gemini" shows great brotherly and sisterly affection, and is symbolical of the trustful spirit of innocence with which we place these pages before you.

The whole of this aggregation used for garnishing the make-up and general appearance of the Center Rush fails to hide the fact that he is unused to having the hame-string drawn across his equator.

The Filipino

The Filipino is a queer duck, taking him at best. In his more recent contact with civilization, he is called a Tagalo, and he looks it. He is not possessed of a wardrobe that would be considered strictly up-to-date, and he don't seem to care a rip, either. It does not bother him half as much about what he shall wear at the next social gathering, as it does about where he may cast his bolo and secure filling for the inner man. The Filipino is a man without a country, excepting for revenue. He may pay taxes, but he can't vote. In this he is on a par with his dark-skinned cousins who inhabit certain portions of the country south of the Ohio river. The Filipino has been accused of being a patriot, and he has not been able to prove an alibi, except in helping Funston become a brigadier general.

These inhabitants of our island possessions who helped to stop the war are in a more advanced stage of civilization than the specimen shown. Our artist has been busy looking up larvae in the wheat louse business, and has succeeded in convincing

the historian that the Tagalo is the Filipino in the larva, and bears the same relation to the latter that the white specks sometimes found on the hair of schoolboys sustain to the insect that attacks the head gear of mortals instead of the wheat they raise.

Facts in their nude state are, we might say, like the Tagalo, and devoid of any extra creases in their trousers. You will notice that the larva shown herewith is not a bit put out about it, and in passing we might add that he is not a bit put on either. If I had to become a Filipino, I would at least wear a mosquito bar, and I think that Edward Atkinson has lost a great opportunity by not offering this suggestion before we were allowed to hurl it down the gangway of history without quotation marks.

The Rising Inflection

When I used to go to school, and that wasn't very often, they tried to teach me all about the rising and falling inflections. Fly specks and crooked marks were never my long suit, and I'd get tangled up in them and make a muss of it, but I have noticed how the rising inflections in life are apt to make some of us lose our bearings. Cod-fish aristocracy is the rising inflection of shabby-genteel people. Whenever a man who has worn cowhide boots all his life and one-third of the time worn his breeches tucked in the tops, gets a financial boost, and begins to say "ny-ther" for neither, and his wife forgets how to milk the cows, and turns up her nose at the girl who hasn't, they are using the rising inflection that unhorses them from being what they might be,—good and useful people in the world.

Great men and women never get inoculated with the rising inflection. They are not ashamed of having been born and raised on the farm, and because they have been a little more fortunate than others, they don't forget the time when they ate

pie with their knives, and wiped away the filling that adhered to their whiskers with a red bandana instead of an Irish linen napkin.

There are a lot of us old fellows left who were on earth before finger bowls took the place of the old tin wash-pan, and every time I hear the sheep-bell ring at the table, for the "Maid" to change cars, I think of the rising inflection in table manners. A good old-fashioned pumpkin pie always tasted better when I could plow a furrow down the apex of the triangle, and leave the trade-mark of Turkey lingering behind, than it did when I had to use a slippery fork and wedge in a few crumbs of Edam cheese and a biscuit that never had any shortening in it. I used to hold my breath and drink half a pint of sweet milk while I mowed away a half moon of a pie, but now I must be content with a stingy little sample, if I eat according to the rising inflection of table manners, and sip a thimbleful of black coffee that hasn't ever been introduced to a cow. I like to observe the proper pauses in business and society, but there are too many rising inflections being introduced in the social world, and too many dishes

used, to retain the same hired girl very long in a place without raising her wages.

♣

From the official count we find that Solomon beat Brigham Young several laps in the number of wives, and further, that there was no "Ann Eliza" in Solomon's crowd to apply for a divorce. This is further proof that we are becoming a weaker if not a wiser race.

♣

Cooking is rapidly becoming the lost art in too many homes. The mother who will divide part of her time between teaching her daughter to guard against the snares of life, and how to cook hog and hominy, will find that she has furnished her with some of the pearls of great price in the estimation of her future husband.

♣

When we pray the Lord to "Give us this day our daily bread," let us not include in our supplication that it shall be "salt-rising" and greased with creamery butter. The Lord is willing to do his part, but the best picking is generally located where we do the most scratching.

Among the 400

IT will probably never be the lot of many of my readers to become members of New York's 400. I hope not, at least. If any of you are honing for such a chance, let me, as an old man who has walked up and down the well-beaten path of life for many years, tell you a few things about this crowd. I have rubbed right up against the real thing, and I speak from experience. I had business in New York once that took me right up against everything from the Bowery to the Waldorf, where scattering bands of this famous "top crust" of New York's social problem are wont to gather and lap up high balls and Manhattans like a goat eating circus posters. They don't stop at that; they simply wade knee-deep in champagne and bathe their tired limbs in seas of liquids, from the inside. I watched them one night

when the signs were right. It turned my head to smell the fragrance, let alone taking a hand. Were they dressed for the occasion? Well, I don't know, exactly, but they were dressed, or rather, undressed, to kill. If you had taken off the diamond brooches which some of them wore they would have caught cold. I can't understand for the life of me how a woman dare trust all that covers this mortal body to hang by a couple of shoulder straps which are liable to break at every bend of the body, and that attached to a dress through which she had slipped without encountering anything more sustaining than a diamond breast-pin. The way that those 400—and sometimes I thought that there were a million—could plaster on jewelry and remove everything else worth mentioning was remarkable. New York's 400 don't begin to eat until along towards morning, and then they can beat a Kansas grasshopper that has fasted forty days and nights. I have been with the boys when the gauge fluctuated and when the crown-sheets were in danger of being kinked, but I never witnessed such capacity as that owned and operated by the society of Gotham. They would order fish

and fowl by the wheelbarrow load and the tide would carry it away, while the battle of the corks raged. Did you ever hear the crack of the champagne bottles, man's size? If you never did and you should ever go to New York, just stay up until after three o'clock at the Waldorf and watch their smoke. The guide told me that they never got at their best until three o'clock, and then the birds, beasts, and reptiles from the deep all knew that New York's 400 were in battle array.

Farm Life

I wish I could take every country boy home with me and sit down and tell him a lot of things he don't know about the "world and all its hollow crew." There are a few things that maybe wouldn't be safe for me to tell, for I didn't spend all of my early life in drawing designs for churches. From my earliest recollection I have wondered how the human heart could be so deceitful and its owner believe it himself. But it's true, it's true.

I want to tell the country boy a few facts that will not come amiss in after life. If you are green and don't know how to act in company, never mind, but do your best. I never found a good place for my hands in company until my wife taught me. I used to sock them down in my pockets until they reached my knees and inside of a minute have them out again and be hunting for a new roosting-place. But it's all right. You just keep on doing your best and you will win. Abraham Lincoln was a greenhorn, too, but he not only knew how to split rails, but he gave the world lessons in diplomacy that it never knew

before. From out of the depths of his great, honest soul he tried to deal with all men as he would that they deal with him. You can follow the course of the country boy who has been taught the noble precepts of right, and while he may raise Cain occasionally, he will do to depend on. I just had a letter from a country boy, now living in a great city, whose friends never thought he would amount to much when he lived on the farm, but he is thrilling the world with his pen and his poetry is read by millions of people. That boy is Samuel E. Kiser, a poet on the staff of the Chicago Record-Herald. James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, whose gentle nature and loving kindness goes out to the world in poetry and prose, and whose praise the world has sung, began life in Boone county, Indiana, where he first wrote "Ben Johnson from Boone," and

"When the frost is on the punkin,
An' the fodder's in the shock."

The Indianapolis Journal gave him the first encouragement he ever received, and the very gentleness of his nature makes him all the more popular. Riley grew up on the farm, and used to be a greenhorn, too. These are but instances of the great-

est and best men who ever lived, a majority of whom were born upon the farm. Why then should you, who have not grown to mature manhood and womanhood, but whose plain life upon the farm seems so hard, feel discouraged? Promise me that you will improve your talents and that you will do your very best to become a useful man or a useful woman, and I will give you the assurance of one whose feet have trod the stony path of life—just as hard as yours, and perhaps harder—that you will come out right in the end. I have known all the hardships that befall the orphan boy. I have drunk of the bitter cup of adversity, and know all about privations, and I pledge you that if you live an honorable and upright life, you will wear the crown. I have stood beside the rich when the breaking of a single suspender button would have left me without my "harness on," and tested my mental ability with theirs and won. I have attended Sunday school barefooted, and had but a pair of overalls and a muslin shirt with which to make my toilet, and received the Bible given for the greatest number of verses committed to memory within a year. I have been taunted with my poverty, and

licked the boy who did it—and let me tell you I don't believe in teaching boys to fight, but the boy who is well dressed should have more manners than to taunt another with poverty, and if he don't know any better, lick him and send me the bill. It will be performing a Christian act that will benefit him in after life. If I could only see a literary society in every township in every state, maintained every month in the year, I would be glad. Every father and mother on the farm who will stop work at noon on Saturday, rain or shine, in harvest or in winter, and give the boys and the girls a half day and help them organize social meetings and debates and all that go to make life better, will be benefited by it a hundredfold more than the time is worth.

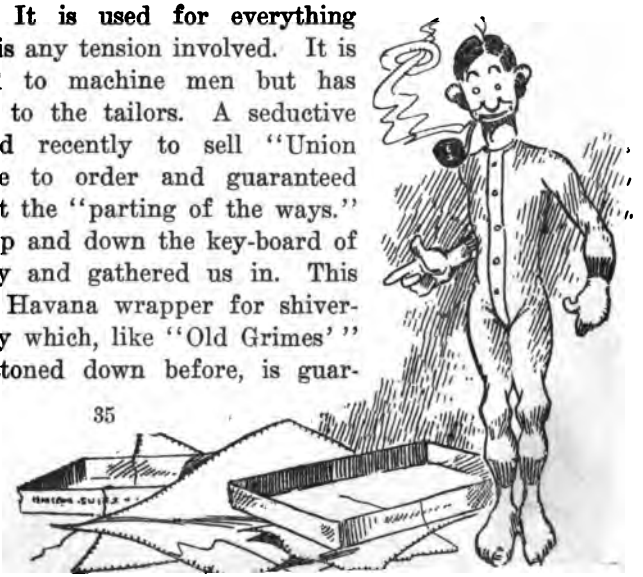
Girls, insist on being formally introduced to your friends, and boys, never forget this—consider your sister the peer of any other young lady, and entitled to as much respect. I can remember that I was over seventeen years old when I was first introduced to anyone, and my face gets red now to think how I blushed. I lived among the average people in those days on the farm, but I had not had a

dozen formal introductions when I was twenty years old. I attended a party once where I first met my wife. I was dying for an introduction, but for some cause or other, I did not get it. She was not so blind that she could not see a good thing, either, and, after waiting in vain, she chose me for a partner in "Old Sister Phœbe, how merry were we." The words expressed my feelings, and I asked that girl to marry me, for I might never get another such a good chance. She thought it was a "bluff" and accepted me in the same spirit. She is still a girl, but we have lived together nearly a third of a century, and you can bet your last dollar that our boys can "stand without hitching" while being introduced, and can keep up with the procession in a conversation, either at table or in the drawing-room. So can yours if you make them feel that before they are in their teens they are entitled to all the respect of others in a social way. Teach the girls and the boys to be good and pure and the farm will seem as good as the city, and it has many less temptations.

Don't Use Slang.

The past few years have been very productive of nautical slang. We hear much of what properly belongs to sailors being appropriated by the land lubber who knows little about the sea. The man-of-war has been appropriated from poop deck to gunner's turret by the average slang vender. "Avast, there, Chappie, until we run alongside," is the way the dude now greets his running mate. It's entirely the real thing to speak of "manning the halyards" when you want a boost in a business undertaking.

The "parting of the ways" is a little overworked. It is used for everything where there is any tension involved. It is not confined to machine men but has spread even to the tailors. A seductive villain called recently to sell "Union suits," made to order and guaranteed proof against the "parting of the ways." He played up and down the key-board of our credulity and gathered us in. This new-fangled Havana wrapper for shivering humanity which, like "Old Grimes'" coat all buttoned down before, is guar-



anteed never to rip, ravel, or run down at the heel, is a delusion and a snare. We are victims of misplaced confidence and warn the public against being thus taken in. This luxurious appearing robe of white requires a shoe-buttoner if you get in rappo with it, and besides, the Ananias of the tailor shop is not justified in using the nautical application. He is a liar and the truth abideth not within him.

Appearances often deceive. For two years I used to lift my hat to a gentleman who lived in my neighborhood, and who wore white neckties and Prince Albert coats, under the impression that he was a man of the cloth, and he was, but not a preacher—he was a faro dealer.

Did it ever occur to you how liberal a stranger usually is when offering to sell you stock in a gold mine for five cents a share which he guarantees will pay fifty per cent dividends in thirty days? How would it do to ask him to wait a month and then pay you forty-five per cent of the dividends and keep the change for the purchase price?

The Turkey Gobbler.

The turkey gobbler plays an important part in society, and he is fully aware of the fact. He is ready to enter into an argument at all times, provided he has an interpreter handy. We have always given the turkey gobbler credit for the long felt want which he fills in society, including the cranberry sauce. Still to a close observer it seems that the national bird does lots of scolding when he gets action on his fire kindlers and spreads his canvas out for duty.

The turkey gobbler attends many important college meets and always wears the same colors as the University of Wisconsin. Of course he don't wear lawn tennis clothes, but he can give the regulation yell about as well as most of the students.

From the time that Mrs. Gobbler first assumes marriage relations, until she meets the fate of the foreign missionary in heathen lands, she pays strict attention to business. The meek and humble manner in which she obeys the mandates of her liege lord have often been pointed out as being worthy of imitation by the new woman.

A Cobtown Celebration.

Cobtown used to be a patriotic little "williage," as the boys called it. Many years ago, when the leading citizens gathered together and decided on having the eagle scream from the grove south of Cobtown, they mowed the dog fennel in the streets and arranged to "kill a chicken and churn" on a big scale. The marshal was furnished a star that glittered as brightly as Venus does when she is doing the evening act. The band boys scoured their horns and everybody prepared for a day in which the out-townships were to participate and help lap up the dozen or two barrels of red lemonade. Fireworks were bought in great quantities and a woman orator was hired to come out from La Fayette and walk up and down the platform and abuse the men for two hours at $25 per. She came right on time. Where in all the world is the woman who, having indulged in this blessed privilege, and having been offered $50 to rehearse before the stage settings, would not have been on time? She came and earned her money. There was a lot of ornery cusses

in Cobtown who needed just such a jacking up, and she sailed in and lifted the hair at every lick. But along toward noon she poured out a fusillade on general principles, and a few scattering shots struck about one-third of the band, and nary another "toot" could she get out of the tuba, one tenor, a baritone and the first clarinet. This ended the musical part of the performance as far as noise was concerned.

But the "Callithumpians" (and that's a good name for them, too,) made up for lost time. Did you ever see a "Callithumpian" band? Well, they discount the Wild West, Barnum's What-Is-It and several political jollifications thrown in. This delegation of all the rabble of Cobtown made a parade and they captured the crowd. The fluctuations in the gauges of the lemonade barrels were very noticeable. But next to the fire works the "Callithumpians" can come nearer expressing the true feelings of a patriotic American than anything else on wheels.

A table was spread for everybody. None but farmers and those living in little towns know how to prepare for a crowd like the one at Cobtown. The fried chicken was

piled up in windrows on a table that looked as if it might be a quarter of a mile long, and everything else that was good to eat was included in the bill of fare. Everybody contributed and everybody participated. Talk about your ham sandwiches and bologna sausages that have a tendency to growl when you begin feeding the cylinder as it hums! They don't begin to touch fried chicken and "salt-rising" bread like "mother used to make," and still keeps on making for Sunday dinners. Then the fireworks came in the evening, and the eagle soared aloft. The Declaration of Independence was read and a Methodist preacher "said grace" over the fried chicken. I used to think that was the driest thing about a Fourth of July celebration. I don't mean the preacher's blessing, for that was short and sweet, like a donkey's trot—for the preacher, like the rest of us, was hungry—but I mean the Declaration business. That is the grandest old document, next to the Bible, all right, and we all know it, but it's too long for hot weather. No wonder the framers sweat over it and Patrick Henry exclaimed, "Give me liberty or give me a drink!"

I love the Declaration, but there are so few people who know how to read it properly. The way to work it so the crowd won't get tired is to have it printed and pass a copy all around, and then do like a thresherman once did about saying his prayers—he had them hung over the head of his bed, and when he got ready to turn in, said: "These are my sentiments!"

I have attended one or two new fangled Fourth of July blow-outs and I have "participated," but the old-fashioned ones in Cobtown were the kind that I enjoyed most.

Cheap Advice

Advice is mighty cheap in this world and the cheaper the advice the poorer the article. Pay due respect to what your elders say to you, but study the situation over carefully and then decide what is best for yourself and do it. That is just what these selfsame elders have done in their younger days. Their old folks told them of all the dangers and snares in the pathway of life and warned them not to do a whole lot of things which, nine times out of ten, they went and did, just to see how much truth there was in the advice. So will you. I have read of forty-seven kinds of cures in one measly little twenty-five cent bottle of patent medicine and have felt every symptom of the whole job lot, when there wasn't a thing in the world the matter with me excepting that I was bilious. Two cents worth of salts would have opened up navigation just as well as this "strictly genuine, all others spurious, sealed with our label, and name blown in the bottle" nostrum, but I listened to the label's talk and not to my own better judgment. I am now over fifty

years old and I have taken a Turkish bath every week for fourteen years, and sometimes two a week, and my neighbors in the the ward (who wanted me for mayor and who felt that without me society would have a large sized hole punched in it) have warned me against Turkish baths. "That man is washing himself to death," "He will surely die if he keeps that nonsense up," and "What a pity that that man will take such chances on his health," have been said about my method of scraping off the real estate with a Turkish bath hoe, until I have felt ready to send for the undertaker. But I have kept on washing and scrubbing and hiring a man to scrape me down, and every year I have gained in weight and strength until these same people declare that I am the youngest looking man in the state for my age. So you see you can't rely on all that folks offer you in advice. Keep clean in mind and body, listen to all, and do as your better judgment tells you, and you will not miss the mark very far.

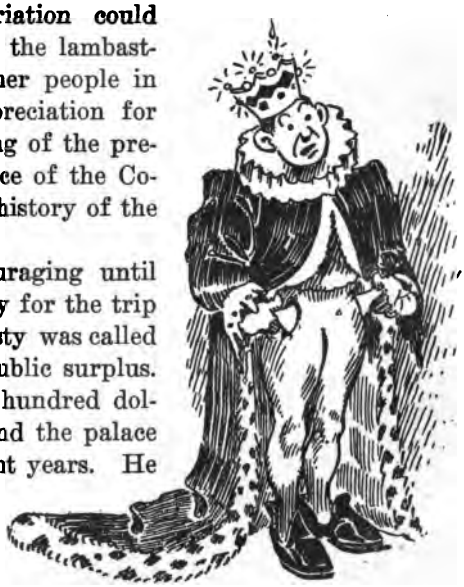
Davy Crockett

'Way back in the forties, when Arkansas was still wearing short dresses, Old Davy Crockett was called on to act as administrator de bonis non of his district in Congress. Davy could plug a bull's eye and hit a "bar" at two hundred paces every throw with "Old Betsey," his flintlock, but he couldn't keep the flow of tobacco juice in due bounds when he got his molars under full head of steam. He threatened to spit in a cuspidor which the White House coon kept moving in the direction of the overflow, during a call on the President. But Davy Crockett could discount some of his successors on square dealing and in handling matters of state, all of which proves that wearing a claw hammer coat and being able to eat pie successfully with a fork without leaving any shatterings, are not the only qualifications to a seat in the councils of the nation.

Man's Ingratitude

"Man's inhumanity to man" is said to have made countless thousands mourn. A striking evidence of this fact is cited in the treatment accorded the distinguished discoverer, Christopher Columbus. I have often wondered how Columbus happened to think how much we needed discovering, and how persistent he must have been in putting us in touch with the Atlantic cable and other things on his side of the sea. There would hardly have been a unanimous vote for an appropriation could Queen Isabella have pictured the lambasting she was laying up for her people in 1898 as a mark of our appreciation for being discovered. In speaking of the preliminaries for raising the price of the Columbus fleet, Bill Nye in his history of the United States says:

"The interview was encouraging until the matter of money necessary for the trip was touched upon. His majesty was called in, and spoke sadly of the public surplus. He said that there were one hundred dollars still due on his salary, and the palace had not been painted for eight years. He



had taken orders on the store till he was tired of it. 'Our meat bill,' said he, taking off his crown and smashing a hornet on the wall, 'is sixty days overdue. We owe the hired girl for three weeks; and how are we going to get funds enough to do any discovering, when you remember that we have got to pay for an extra session this fall for the purpose of making money plenty?'

"But Isabella came and sat by him in her winning way, and with the moistened corner of her handkerchief removed a spot of maple syrup from the ermine trimming of his reigning gown. She patted his hand, and with her gentle voice cheered him and told him that if he would economize and go without cigars or wine, in less than two hundred years he would have saved enough to fit Columbus out."

After going through the various stages of promoting his original idea of looking up the biggest and juiciest half of the world, we find that instead of being voted a tract of land as big as that owned by the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada or the Union Pacific Railway in its original grant, old Chris was landed in the Bastile.

Street Fairs

We had a right smart street fair not long ago. The fellows who bossed it were called a "Kom-mi-tee" by the street gang who scrape the snow off the crossings in winter and who rake up the leaves in summer. The "Kom-mi-tee" called this street fair a "carnival," and I rather think they were justified in doing so. To an old man who has walked up and down the land for fifty years, and steered clear of the rhinoceros when he had his horn elevated, and of the frivolous things of life, it looked like a whole menagerie and the female lion dressed in war paint.

There was a smell of "rag weeds" about some of the tents and a morbid desire on the part of most of the "Kom-mi-tee" to inspect everything that had women's pictures on the outside and a vulgar assortment of the real thing on the inside. Every time a hen-pecked hubbie, who had to be yoked to keep him from jumping the barbed wire fence, wanted to get a whiff of the "animals when they were munching their hay," he would gallop off and adorn his outer person with a red ribbon

badge marked "Kom-mi-tee," and in he would go, and if his wife could have seen his bald-headed old pate jumping up and down and heard him patting "Jubah" while the dancers took turns at shaking their forms, she would have been justified in making a carom off his pate with a brick. I heard a lot of giggling and whispering around about the "real thing," and the great show, camped in the front yard of the chairman of the "Kom-mi-tee" on arrangements, and soon learned that this was one of the greatest attractions to be found on the Midway.

There are lots of things about a street fair that are all right and should be encouraged. The bands of music, the little school children who sing songs and form the "Human Flag," the marching and the floral parade are all good for everyone, but there are things carried on in street fairs that would cause the denizens of the Bowery, in New York, or of Fourth Avenue, Chicago, to take a hitch in their suspenders with which to keep up. And the worst of it is that men pretending to be gentlemen, with Christian wives and amiable daughters at home, would be caught patronizing these places of iniquity. It is

enough to turn the stomach of a pig in his sty. I am not a kicker on fun, for I love it myself, but the next time I go to a street fair where these performances are going on, and see a lot of the fellows going in who should be at home, I am going to invite their women folks to go with me and have front seats, just to keep these fellows from feeling lonesome. It would act worse than a "Red Raven Split" on a frosty morning.

An Indiana man whose Sunday school attendance was very low, explained to his wife that he was satisfied that it was Aguinaldo who wrote the Epistles to the Philippians.

What discourages the ministers and missionaries most, is that the average man prefers a good deed to a quarter section of land more than an abstract of title to a mansion in the sky.

This may seem like a great big cold world to some of us, but possibly the temperature in the next one will more than make up for it.

The Dangers Of Politics

If I ever make a will, I want a codicil fixed up with a danger signal in front shining as bright as a Ham headlight on a traction engine, warning boys to keep off the political grass.

There is a degenerating effect about everything mixed up with politics that shortens up the main belt of our usefulness. When a man who can get up in the morning and harness his team by starlight and burn logs after night, and mow the front yard and feed the grass to his team during the noon hour, and has helped carry his precinct at election, gets a political job he relapses into "innocuous desuetude." He couldn't mow the capital park without a dozen fellows to help him, and he gets industrial paralysis, and it's hard work for him to draw his breath and salary on the same day.

We must have politicians, I suppose, but there is an over-production without trying to increase the visible supply. A boy who would carve his way to fame in the commercial world don't need any political education to make him honest. It

may help him to set up the pins, and spend lots of time trying to throw his harpoon into the other fellow, but it don't pay. There are men in public life all over the country who have left their own business, worth thousands of dollars a year, to draw political salary enough to pay the hired man.

"It's good and pleasant for brethern to dwell together in unity" and have long beards, but in politics they pay more attention to long pulls than they do to the lengths of their beards. About the first thing a politician does is to get up a feud with some other fellow, and then carry a tomahawk the rest of his life with which to cleave his political ambitions. They meet and set up the pins to carry the convention and the crowd that gets knocked out lays for the other fellows with stuffed clubs.

The most cheerful liars I ever knew, and their names are legion, were politicians. They stand up before the multitude and weep crocodile tears as big as horse chestnuts, pleading for harmony and pledging their honor and all that, and walk off the stage with stilettos in their boot-legs. There will always be politicians and some

people will have to hold the offices, but don't be afraid that the country will have to advertise for help in this line, and feel called on to become a martyr for your country, at least in politics. The political martyr can generally be sized up by the denomination of the revenue stamp there is attached to the pay roll. The same amount of energy spent in politics would make a man a howling success in the business world, and his reputation wouldn't need moth balls, either.

Boys, if it comes to choosing between cleaning out a livery barn and being a politician, buy yourselves four-tined forks. After you have spent your time and maybe your good name in politics, you may be offered the same kind of a position in the capitol. Between politicians and horses, the latter make less litter.

As A Collector

I used to look for trouble myself, once in a while, when I was a younger man, and before the "skating rink" had been located under my hat, but I have learned better in my old age. I used to look around for a little "scrap" now and then, but I never honed for it like some folks do.

I remember a little instance down in Arkansas several years ago that led me to reflect on holding spite too long, or keeping my bristles up all the time.

It was several years ago, and about the only kind of threshing machines they had, outside of the human kind, were small horse power rigs. The jobs were small and scattering, and the man who expected to earn a large bank account was a visionary cuss. One day as I was driving along, looking up a delinquent customer, I ran up against him sitting on a log with a double barrel shotgun across his lap and so deeply engrossed in his thoughts that he didn't see me until I spoke.

"Howdy," he said, in reply to my salutation.

"Are you Mr. ——?" I asked.

"I reckon I be."

"You look worried about something," I said. "What's the matter?"

"Stranger," he said, "are you the collector for the —— Thresher Company?"

I told him that I was. He was expecting me, for I had written him that I would be there before many days.

"Wal, I am disappointed," he said. "Had a law suit and got beat. I threshed for a feller who paid me $25 and bucked for the other $15 and I ought to had a verdict as suah as shootin'. It took the tuck out of me, and I went home and got my gun and was back here middlin' early this mornin', but he had gone. So was the jedge; so was the jury; so was the defendant's lawyer, darn the whole kit of 'em. They all scooted out and didn't give me no show."

"No show for what?" I asked him.

"Say, mister, you don't look like no greenhorn, and a collector for a thresher company, too. Here I have been expectin' you and tryin' to collect money enough to pay you off, and only raised $160, and the rest standin' out, and me suin' that fellow and gettin' beat. What did I go home and get my gun fur? What's she loaded

with buck-shot fur, and what am I feelin' so broke up and cast down over? I was gwine to shute, of co'se, but they wouldn't wait."

"Don't take it so hard, partner," I said, "we will treat you square."

"That's the devil of it, stranger, 'uns have toted fair all the time, and that's why I wanted the money so bad. It's too tuff, for I was dead right about it." he said, looking up and down the road. "But there's a little gleam of hope left. The lawyer who had my case is comin' along here pretty soon, and he'll deliver up the pass word along with them $10 I paid him to talk for me. Doggone it, I ain't goin' to let the whole bilin' of 'em get away without gettin' a shot at somebody. 'Taint human nature, and it's not accordin' to the code of the sovern commonwealth of Arkinsaw, neither. I see a dust up the road, an' I'll just trouble you to move on, stranger. Go to the tavern and I'll see you in the mawnin', as I 'low there'll be trouble around here pretty soon."

And I didn't need a second invitation.

Trying To Beat The Game

This is a mighty grasping age. In our great prosperity as a nation, we seem to be generating an aristocracy of deadheads. There is a human tendency to get something for nothing that is inexplainable. I have noticed it in men's dealings with the railways and I have known a man to take three days in making a trip over a railway which gave him a deadhead ticket, and lose two nights' sleep to make the connections, when he could have earned the money at a dollar a day and paid his fare and been ahead and saved his rest besides. You see a man or boy go into a store where there is a slot machine, made to beat the player. He knows it and, besides, he knows that if he wins he has to take his pay in goods which he don't need, and yet that spirit of human greed and desire to beat somebody else will take possession of him and he will feed nickels through that slot like shelling corn for the chickens. When I go to church, I am supposed to pay more attention to my spiritual needs than I am to who plays the "corn poppers" to win. It's different there from

the slot machine. Everybody who goes to church knows that the preacher or the priest has to live and eat and wear clothes, and they know that above all others in his congregation, he is expected to pay his debts, and let his light shine as brightly as Liberty enlightening the world in New York harbor. And they know he can't do it on wind, but they shy at the little black collection bags like a country horse does at a street car. I have heard "amens" roared out every now and then as though the preacher could discount them at the bank at two per cent for ninety days and pay his coal bill with them, when the miserly old whelp who did the shouting would drop a big copper cent in the collection bag with a dull thud to make it seem like a twenty dollar gold piece. He would have played fifty times the amount on a slot machine and then growled if his wife asked for pennies for the children to use in Sunday school. If the churches used more slot machines and fewer corn poppers, they would gather in more money, but it wouldn't improve the morals of the players.

Samson's Great Opportunity

Samson used to have more trouble with his strength than John L. Sullivan or Sandow. Instead of basting his wife or pitching a waiter girl across the dining room when he felt the tide rising in his strength, Samson used to feel around for a jawbone and discount a boomerang thrower. The historian pauses to note, however, that there was lots of jaw about Samson, although he never used much of it on Delilah. What he failed to work off on her, he made up on the Philistines.

There was possibly some ground for the Philistines feeling justified in taking Samson's fleece, as he had certainly been a bad man to have around at harvest time. I used to wonder where he caught all the foxes, and why he went to so much trouble when all he had to do was to tie a bunch of fire crackers to a dog's tail to get better results.

It don't pay to have a man around who is too strong for comfort unless he votes your ticket on election day. It has possibly occurred to the reader that the Philistines took a tumble to this hint at the

time Samson leaned against the pillars. After reviewing the case of Samson and the Philistines, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

If Samson could only have lived and had been a member of our legation in China during the boxer troubles, what a hero he might have been. Sullivan in his palmiest days, or Sandow with his harness on, would have been like a Shetland pony hitched to a ninety-ton locomotive, in comparison.

We marvel at the ostrich feeling secure when it hides its head under the sand and leaves its body exposed, but we don't hesitate to gossip over the telephone while central has a "plug" that taps the wire.

The treatment of Esau's folks towards him several hundred years ago is still used by the barbers as a trade-mark, and as a further inducement for men to shave.

As a further argument against our college men allowing their hair to grow, we might offer the case of Absalom in evidence.

Pluck and Perseverance

It takes pluck and perseverance to make ends meet in this busy world. There is room for the hustler, but the man who spends much time in waiting on Congress for an appropriation, or on his wife to split the kindling wood, is allowing the main belt to slip, and his cylinder to run empty.

There never was a time when good men and good husky farmer boys who are ready to take hold and become record smashers were in greater demand. Twenty-five years ago when you offered a man a job he didn't want it included in the bill of particulars that he was to work union hours or have his laundry bill include four-inch collars.

There is more paraphernalia included in a working boy's outfit these days than when we used to run a horse power outfit. He wants knee breeches to use on his bicycle and pepper sauce for his hair when he hauls manure. We were lucky if we got a pair of yarn mittens in the winter time to keep our hands from freezing, but the new boy wants tan colored gloves to

wear when he sweeps out the office.

It's all right to keep up with the procession and be in style if you carry the hod, but there is a whole swarm of fellows lacking in the elements that have made the English sparrow's business famous. It would pay the average boy seeking information or employment to watch the sparrow for a while and adopt his working hours. I don't mean that it is necessary to do all that the sparrow does, for he isn't a bit particular as to where he uses his pick and shovel, but just watch him when he lights in the street and attacks a ten o'clock lunch. English sparrows are ready to fight and eat all the time, and they can carry a load of straw to use in the bed ticking that lots of boys would groan under.

The trouble in hiring boys these days is that they want plans and specifications of their duties, and want to stop too short when the horn blows. It's all right to study astronomy, but the boy who thinks more of the number of rows he can plow between ten o'clock and noon than he does of watching for the sun's shadow to cross the meridian, is the fellow who can be trusted to handle the reins of government.

I am not complaining of things in general, for there are lots of good boys left, but I don't like to see so many fellows who are "born tired," who never get rested, and who let opportunities slip away every day, when by doing a little more scratching around they would find plenty of good picking left. The English sparrow is a nuisance in some ways, but I admire his way of wading into business. There are hundreds of bright, intelligent young men on earth today,—whose education mixed with elbow grease would make them fortunes—who are wearing out the seats of their trousers speculating on the effects of imperialism and denouncing trusts, and who can't muster a week's board in advance. Perseverance and pluck will never go unrewarded very long.

The Hired Girl

The hired girl is the one who is called on to do the housework, including the drudgery, and in many cases is considered an inferior being because she does it. She, like a turkey, roosts high. She doesn't do it from choice like a turkey does, but because she has nowhere else to go excepting to the garret or some measly little back room, where the cast-off furniture is used to supply her wants. There are a whole lot of people living who, if they ever get to heaven, will find things the same way there—the hired girl will occupy an upper seat. The meanest human on earth is one who will ask an honest, upright girl to do his drudgery and then feel above her because she does it. If the women of the present want to solve the "girl problem," let them try to make her lot a happier one, and while she works in your kitchen and waits on you, let her know that you appreciate her services. Don't feel offended if, when you have no company at your home, she spends a few minutes in the sitting room, after her work is over. About the only time she ever spends in your parlor

is when she is cleaning it, and when you, many times, are taking a morning nap. Did it ever occur to you that a hired girl is human? She don't like to eat the tough end of a beefsteak any better than you do, and what you offer her should be as good as what you eat yourself. Aren't you ashamed of yourself to keep her waiting until you have eaten your meal and gossiped about your neighbors, and let everything which has been made palatable for you get stone cold, and then she must eat it alone in this condition. Hired girls have souls, but there are a lot of people who hire them who have only gizzards.

The Proofs of Deity

The infidel tells us that there is no God but Nature and insists that we believe it. Nature has done her share in making things what they are and she is entitled to lots of credit for it, but I am inclined to think that God Almighty was somewhere close by when the Rocky Mountains were built. I believe in upheavals and earthquakes and pre-historic races and animals that used to grow as big as houses, and all that, and it may be barely possible that Moses was to the Jews of old what Joseph Smith was to the Latter Day Saints; but, granting all this, when I look at the Rocky Mountains I feel sure that Nature had a boost, at least, from the Great I Am. When I look at the Pacific Ocean with its currents, and consider that in California the sun shines and all Nature puts on her Sunday garb, that roses bloom and oranges grow in January, while ice and snow exist in Wisconsin; and when I see the wondrous workings of Nature, with the sun to shine by day and the moon by night, and see how the great storehouses of Nature have been prepared

for man; that mountain streams were made to flood the barren lands and cause the desert to flourish and grow in immortal green and to bring forth fruit an hundred fold; and that at night, as I look over the great ocean and see the small stars that shine over the land, all working in harmony; as I look out over the ocean and across the Rockies and over the fertile fields of the great Western empire, I can not but believe that, while Nature has done wondrous things for mortal man, behind the screen, back of Nature, the Allwise power has set the bounds for Nature and that this same power is everlasting and eternal.

♣

When in doubt, always do right and you won't miss the mark very far. It's the man who wavers who makes the mistake.

♣

When you sow a few seeds of kindness let it go at that, but don't expect to use a six-foot mower to reap your reward.

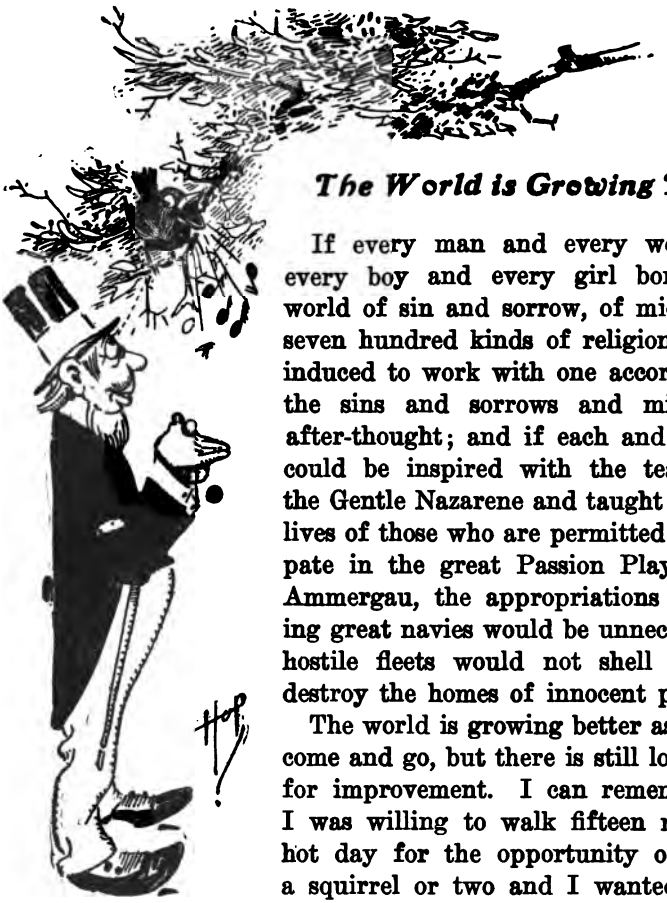
♣

A mighty good subject for a reformer is himself.

The Frizzly Chicken

THE frizzly chicken is a queer cuss. His parents were out of humor when they let the contract for his wardrobe and he never got over it. It seems to have been a kind of unpleasant birth-mark, and he feels ashamed of it. I have seen a frizzly rooster walk away from company backwards just to induce his feathers to do their duty, and they would not. He reminds me of a boy whose trousers had run amuck of a splinter while sliding down "Old Grimes' cellar door."

The frizzly chicken and his wearing apparel should be a standing admonition to parents never to get out of fix when engaged in any laudable undertaking. The feathers on a frizzly rooster are like a "cow-lick" on a bad boy. Neither bill nor brush will induce them to remain in position. Of the two evils, I would choose the cow-lick. The only advantage is that a frizzly chicken never gets bald headed, and a boy with a cow-lick does.



The World is Growing Better

If every man and every woman, and every boy and every girl born in this world of sin and sorrow, of microbes and seven hundred kinds of religion, could be induced to work with one accord to make the sins and sorrows and microbes an after-thought; and if each and every one could be inspired with the teachings of the Gentle Nazarene and taught to live the lives of those who are permitted to participate in the great Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau, the appropriations for building great navies would be unnecessary and hostile fleets would not shell cities and destroy the homes of innocent people.

The world is growing better as the years come and go, but there is still lots of room for improvement. I can remember when I was willing to walk fifteen miles on a hot day for the opportunity of shooting a squirrel or two and I wanted to shoot the beautiful song birds and lay waste and kill, but since I have had the squirrels come and eat from my hand, I have lost the desire for their little lives. I have set traps and snares and laid in wait to

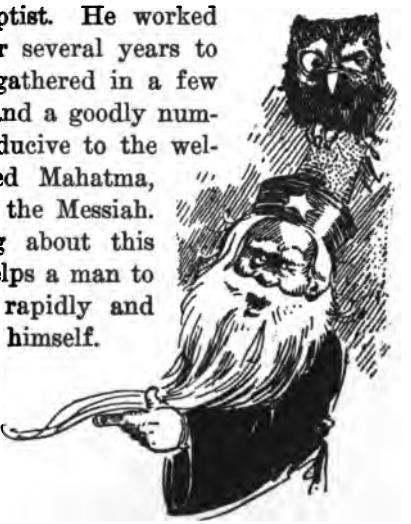
catch the song birds and any other birds, that I might satisfy my cannibal-like desires. But the lessons taught me by little children about the birds, which they have learned in school, have taken away all desire to slay the little feathered friends so rapidly disappearing from our midst. When I go into the thickets in the spring time and hear the songs of the little birds and see how busy they are in building homes in which to raise their little ones, I feel ashamed that they should ever have had cause to fear me. I believe that this same spirit is growing among men everywhere in a greater degree. There is room for the squirrels and the birds and for all. If every man and every woman, and every boy and every girl, could be taught the beautiful lessons of love, and to build up rather than tear down, earth would be what God intended it to be,—a place to prepare our lives for the glories and beauties of the world beyond where the righteous are and where battleships are unknown, and where microbes can't molest or bother us any more, and where all religions merge into one.

Kindness While We Live

A man should not have to die to know how much his friends think of him. This is the great mistake of our human nature. No man ever had more undeserved abuse heaped upon him than Abraham Lincoln. Even while his enemies were abusing him, many of them asked for his clemency for some unfortunate relative or friend. The good man seldom refused to grant a prayer, and never if it could be done without inflicting a greater injury elsewhere. Yet he was maligned and slandered as few men ever were. After he had been foully slain, many who had clamored for his blood were profuse with words of praise for his memory. But Lincoln could neither hear them nor smell the flowers that covered his bier. It were better that we offer comforting words and fragrant flowers during life than to bestow them upon cold and inanimate clay.

The Mahatma

The Mahatma never dies but simply shifts the stage settings in his existence on earth. The world is full of Mahatmas. It occurred to the Rev. "Dr." Dowie that he was the Mahatma of the late Prophet Elijah, who was once fed by the ravens and afterwards taken to heaven alive. In the beginning the "doctor" had to scratch around after the style of Elijah for grub to eat, but he soon scraped enough together to build a city with a lake front. It was not so long ago that the oldest inhabitant has to consult his early diary, that one Sweinfurth, down at Rockford, Illinois, claimed to be even a greater person than John the Baptist. He worked the Mahatma racket for several years to the queen's taste, and gathered in a few hundred acres of land and a goodly number of other things conducive to the welfare of a well groomed Mahatma, and proclaimed himself the Messiah. There is a good thing about this strange existence. It helps a man to acquire property very rapidly and form a good opinion of himself.



I have wondered at times what kind of a Mahatma Russell Sage would make if he turned his attention to Wall Street, after he had cashed in his chips in the present existence. It was thought by some that Sweinfurth was the Mahatma of Brigham Young, made manifest in the flesh. If J. Pierpont Morgan or Hetty G. ever made up their minds to become Mahatmas, there would be a slump in Standard Oil stocks and Northern Pacific would be on the top shelf.

This is a mighty queer world in some ways, and if it wasn't for the teachings of the Good Book, which mentions an overproduction of false prophets and general overseers, who cast out devils and other things for advertising purposes, we might be inclined to the Mahatma faith a little more.

If a lot of threshing machine men should form a combination after riding in the front of a funeral procession, where a lot of flowers had been used which had no fragrance for them, and declared themselves Mahatmas, and came back to earth, they might create a lot of trouble for the rest of us who had tried to get three square meals a day and enough liquid refresh-

ments to wash them down with. They would understand all the tricks of the trade, and how to cut prices, and call the other fellows names, and form combinations and do other things to rake in a lot of shekels and suckers, just as the present crop of Mahatmas do at this writing. The Bible seems good enough religion for the common herd and it only speaks of Mahatmas in a kind of warning way.

Christian Science teaches you to believe that you are not sick and you will be well, but when you call in one as your doctor, don't tell him to think he is paid and he will have the money, that is, if he is bigger than you are.

Some of us may prefer the society in one country and the climate in the other when we come to hand in our checks, but the trouble is we can't get up a combination over there.

The Elephant

The elephant is the biggest living thing on earth with a trunk in front and a valise behind. If it were not for his hay baler you couldn't tell which end of him was entitled to go forward. He wears his pants very loose at the knees, and his tailor never creases them. In this he shows better taste than the white man who occupies a parlor car. If his suspender button ever breaks he will be in hard lines. Elephants eat everything from peanuts to potato vines, and it's a matter of quantity rather than quality. They seldom get married, but their owners generally make up for this little defect, especially in numbers. If the elephant can't hear good, he should take down his signs. The dentist is never called in a well regulated family of elephants.

Drawbacks of Comic Opera

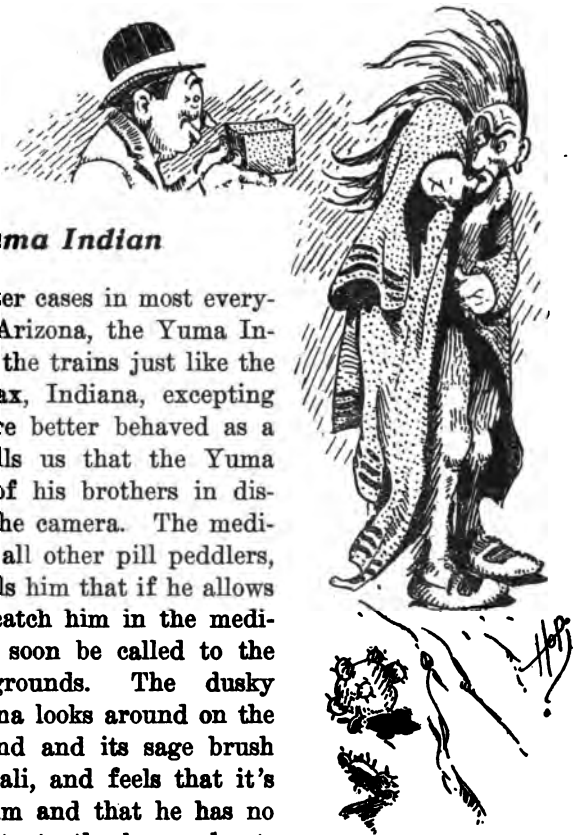
There may be a whole lot of fun in comic opera, and I am glad that some folks enjoy it, but I can't say that I hanker for it. Not long ago I was down East, and had an invitation from a friend to take in a comic opera and occupy the bald-headed row, and I accepted. A whole lot of men who looked like George Washington and the Marquis de La Fayette, and Tallyrand and more of that set, with as many women dressed—and some of them undressed—in the sixteenth century garb and a smile, poured in on the stage like pop corn when the right heat has been reached to get action on the grains, and meeting commenced. They whined and talked Norwegian to each other, and every once in a while they would break out in a wail that would discount a back yard full of tomcats on a moonlight night.

There may be music in comic opera, but I am afraid it would be too straining on my vitals to try twisting it out like some actors do. All at once they would get up a quarrel and one would begin with a screech that would occupy the gallery in

upper C and then all hands would take a twist, which would wind up by one of the women polishing it off with a mournful wail that died away in the distance like the howl of a coyote, and then the audience would whoop it up for five minutes.

I am afraid that some old sinners perch on the front seats at comic opera for the benefit of what they can see rather than what they hear. Of course there is a natural tendency in frail man to get the worth of his money, and you can't blame him, but I could never realize on the assets at comic opera.

I once heard a singer of comic opera tearing away at the twigs from the top of the forest scenery on the stage with her voice, but I noticed that when she dropped a rose from her corsage and stooped over to pick it up, she attracted more attention from the old duffers on the front row than when she was doing time with her larynx. Between comic opera and a serenade from the neighbors' cats, I would have some trouble in making a choice.



The Yuma Indian

Circumstances alter cases in most everything. At Yuma, Arizona, the Yuma Indians come to meet the trains just like the loafers do in Colfax, Indiana, excepting that the Indians are better behaved as a rule. Tradition tells us that the Yuma Indian, like most of his brothers in distress, is afraid of the camera. The medicine man who, like all other pill peddlers, is mostly a fake, tells him that if he allows the white man to catch him in the medicine bottle he will soon be called to the happy hunting grounds. The dusky brother from Arizona looks around on the great oceans of sand and its sage brush and cactus and alkali, and feels that it's good enough for him and that he has no hankering to migrate to the happy hunting grounds. Therefore, when you point a kodak at him he dodges, and the squaws cover up their faces, most of which would test the focus glass of the camera. All this is supposed to be on account of the Indian's ideas of death, hell and the grave. But with all his superstition your red brother is also mercenary and ready to

take chances on the future, if there is anything in it. "Two-bits," as the natives call a quarter, works wonders in removing from his mind this superstition.

A Pittsburg paper accounts for the Russians calling their ruler the "White Czar," from the fact that they keep him pale dodging plots on his life.

I always dodge the man who rubs his hands together while trying to drive a bargain. It reminds me of the preliminaries of the wolf in licking his chops just before he returns thanks over his prey.

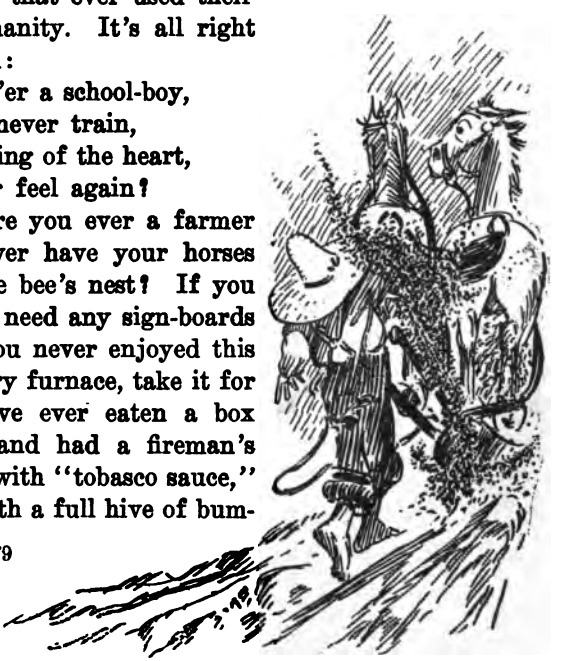
The consistencies of human life are twenty-four carat diamonds. Sam Jones, who claims to have gone up and down the land seeking to save souls for forty years, warns the public against buying and reading his sermons unless they bear the trademark of his publishers. Sam wants to save souls, but, like many others, he wants the gate receipts also.

The Bumble Bee

There is nothing made in vain, so they tell us, but I have my suspicions about bumble bees. They may have some lawful excuse for living, but no boy who was raised on the farm and had but scant wearing apparel, and went barefooted and walked on his toes from stone bruises, can ever be convinced that bumble bees are needed in the bill of fare. They are the durndest little cusses that ever used their pepper-boxes on humanity. It's all right to get up and declaim:

Oh, were you ne'er a school-boy,
And did you never train,
Or feel the swelling of the heart,
You can never feel again!

and all that, but were you ever a farmer boy, and did you ever have your horses lie down in a bumble bee's nest? If you have, then you don't need any sign-boards to this article. If you never enjoyed this little touch of the fiery furnace, take it for granted. If you have ever eaten a box of mustard plaster and had a fireman's hose playing on you with "tobasco sauce," and then fallen in with a full hive of bum-



ble bees in the fall of the year, when they were holding camp meeting, and your plowshare turned up the whole congregation, you would feel that the former dose was the cracker end of the North Pole as compared with the amount of liquified air and melted lead mixed, that these pesky little insects inject into you. Every one of them is a doctor and has his hypodermic syringe loaded for bear. They fly all around you and light all over you at once, and stick their javelins into you faster than Buffalo Bill's soldiers shoot their Gatling guns. A bumble bee has a perfect right to defend his home and fight for his share of the clover blossoms, but he should be compelled by law to post notices to "keep off the grass."

I once had a team of horses which fell in love with a nest of bumble bees and laid down to rest with them. I didn't see when they got up, for I didn't see anything again for two weeks. I have felt that "swelling of my heart" and all the rest of my anatomy.

Missouri to the Front

Missouri is fast forging to the front in a scientific as well as in a political way. Just a few months ago we were called on to announce the advent of "billie goat juice" for making old men over again and causing them to butt and bleat on the slightest provocation, and here comes a farmer, the man behind the hoe, and goes him one better. While billie goats snort and anoint their beards with attar of roses, grasshoppers are known to give them cards and spades in vaulting and kicking. In fact the mountain locust and his neighbor in the valleys not only vault and kick like bronchos, but they discount the army worm in creating a famine in their wake.

The Missouri scientist, by studying their language and acts of questionable character, has ascertained that they are cannibals, and that they will never eat anything else as long as one of their tribe has croaked and his carcass is ready for dessert. Taking this fact into consideration, he proceeded to catch a large and portly old hopper, and by divers seasoning in-

duced him to eat a deadly dose of paris green, which very soon caused his family to telephone for the undertaker. Twenty of his friends feasted on his remains and died, one hundred sixty of their friends did likewise on their earthly remains, and ten thousand made a barbecue off these, and so on down until the whole tribe in his county were "over the fence." The Missouri farmer has failed to say how he got the first one to partake of the forbidden fruit, or how long the remedy will hold out, but like Colonel Mulberry Sellers and his "eye water," there are millions in it.

The Coyote

The coyote is a wild dog whose voice has been trained in upper C. He is a moral coward, but tries to make you believe he is the whole prairie and a band of Sioux Indians thrown in when he begins to work the pedals and use his pipe organ. One coyote can change his voice oftener and represent a funeral procession with hired mourners better than a Hindoo rajah with his whole flock. I was once entertained by a measly coyote, who got near our camp where we had a few deer hanging up ready for transportation to the settlement, and he tuned up his fiddle-strings and began crying in so many voices all at once that I felt he must be suffering with a dose of cramps and needed a warm application. Inside of three minutes it seemed to be raining coyotes, and from all directions they came and brought their families for three generations back, every cuss of which opened from their forward turrets with a whine that made me feel "goose flesh." They screeched and tore on worse than a band of Comanche Indians looking for trouble, and circled the camp faster

than the Rough Riders charged San Juan Hill, but they wouldn't stand for any explanations. We tried to furnish the torchlights for their procession with double-barreled guns and Winchesters, but they only whined the louder and made the circle larger in order that their neighbors might join in the dance. Durn a coyote, he can make more noise than a wind stacker, and do less execution than a tumble-bug.

♠

I am willing to give Samson credit for carrying off the gates of Gaza and setting the foxes' tails on fire, but he was certainly out of sight when Schley made that loop and licked the Spaniards.

♠

The next time we have a naval battle, let's have fewer boards of strategy and commanders-in-chief, and more fellows who know how to make loops and draw the lariat and fewer officers to make mouths about it.

The Political Caucus

The caucus is not a farm but a city product that, like dog fennel, grows on many kinds of soil. It is the incubator of political deviltry and machine trickery and, in Wisconsin, has reached the acme of rascality and been supplanted by the primary election law by its best friends. It is the sight feed lubricator through which every political pull perculates, from the price of a can of beer to a seat in the United States Senate. The caucus is where the fellows meet after the leaders have set up the pins, and where arrangements have been made for preventing the machine boiler from foaming on election day.

The caucus is the culmination of campaign rascality among those of one political household, where they rip each other's political tripe from the wish bone to Terre del Fuego. It is the place where the political liar is on the ground floor and sells political corner lots in the cornfields ten miles away, and charges Tammany prices for the deed.

Reader, if you were never interested in

a caucus, when your political star first shot its rays athwart the Milky Way and you felt that the salvation of the country depended on you becoming a political martyr, and you fancied your fellow citizens thundering your name down the aisles of the "little red school houses," don't try it. Stay out of the martyr business. The grand pyrotechnic display of soft soap that is fired off in your honor will cost you more than the swelling up will bring in return. I have been there and I speak by the books. It will land you high and dry in the hay loft and be-spatter your good name, and the smell of cheap tobacco will stay with you for months after you have come out of the little end of the horn. It's mighty fine to hear what a public philanthropist you are, and how the country depends on you for a large slice of its ozone, but it's dollars to doughnuts that you will be asked to step before the footlights and swear allegiance to the fellow who knows more about the "Blocks of Five" than you do. Don't monkey with the caucus. It's an obnoxious weed that don't need any manure to fertilize it.

Genealogy of Washington

February is the month in which St. Valentine and George Washington got on the cars. Saint Valentine used to send cartoons bearing his autograph, on his birthday, and it became a part of the statutes for the guidance of those who cannot write and yet hone to say mean things about their enemies under an alias.

We regret that lack of space prevents our doing justice to the Father of His Country. It's too big a task. Next to President Roosevelt, General Washington had the greatest popular majority when he was elected. In early life he chopped down his father's cherry tree, planted his name in cabbage seed and broke the record in several other ways. When he grew to manhood Mr. Washington took boxing lessons, which served him many good turns in handling the affairs of state. President Washington once demonstrated his frugality by throwing a silver dollar across the Potomac river, thus proving that he could make a dollar go further than any other president has ever done since, and he did this on one-half the salary that the presi-

dents draw today. When it came to throwing, George was the limit, and Dr. Dewitt Miller tells us that among other things he threw his sovereign across the sea. General Washington never postponed any engagements on account of the weather and, after crossing the Delaware river on the ice, he crossed swords with Lord Cornwallis and licked him to a frazzle. In relating this little incident several years after, Mr. Washington told his friends that he was accorded one of the coolest receptions of his life that night on the Delaware, and that he never wanted to be the ice man.

Genuine Sympathy

Sympathy without being backed up with something more substantial to a hungry man don't fill that aching void near his solar plexus. During the Civil War I was coming North with a lot of other hungry refugees. We stopped for an hour at Mattoon, Illinois. A crowd of sympathizers gathered around and asked all kinds of questions and told us how much they sympathized with us. A little dried-up fellow listened for a while and then drew out a fifty-cent shin-plaster and said, "I have heard how much you fellows sympathize with these hungry Johnnies, but not a durn one of you has offered the proof. I sympathize half a dollar's worth." And for the first time in a day and night we had a "snack" to eat. Sympathy is a mighty good thing for a hungry man when it is backed up by a "shin-plaster" that means something.

Drug Store Initiation

Speaking about machine men's jokes reminds me of my first experience with a threshing crew when they were running under a "high pressure." It was down in Indiana several years ago, before I was a machine man. I had not yet cut my machine eye teeth, and was a tenderfoot fresh from the farm. I played out at hard work, and responded to the call as bottle washer in a drug store. The druggist had not taken a course in pharmacy, but he knew how to draw off a few gallons of Kentucky's famous fire water and fill up the aching void with the same amount of "aqua fontana" from the town pump in a manner that showed him an adept. Like a milkman, it was a cold day when he couldn't get something out of water. My first experience as a druggist was based on a financial proposition that I be allowed to do the first month's work for my board, provided I could induce the fly etching of the previous nine years to give a quit claim deed to the bottles. I had taken the sugar(?) coating from the whiskey bottles and the aloes jars and the "phyto-

lacca decandria," which on the farm we called "poke root," and had gotten along to a point where the jokers discovered that house cleaning was on the boards when night overtook us. After supper, I dropped around to watch the fellows who winked one eye and made a bee line for the back room where the essential oils and trouble in liquid shape were kept in barrels, and where a glass that held three thimblefuls was working over-time at ten cents a "nip." I was told to acknowledge all winks and nods in reference to the back room when accompanied with a ten-cent shin plaster. (This was before the crime of 1873.) I was more skeptical about this part of a druggist's life during the first month than in after years. I had just received the customary wink reinforced by five fingers, which I had construed as meaning five "nips" at ten cents each. But the fellows were threshermen fresh from home, and the crown sheets of their boilers had been exposed for several hours, hence I worked the tank pump for them. But when the time came for decorating the mahogany, they gave me a finger and I gave them some slack, and a small sized riot was on in no time. The proprietor,

who was also a horse doctor as well as a very smooth horse trader, had, prior to the meeting, set one of the gang afoot in a horse trade, which fact was used as an excuse for trouble. I called time and was very sorry for it. It required about three minutes to get the row going and came near costing a few years in Michigan City in getting it stopped.

Among my assets was an old muzzle-loading "pepper box" revolver with all the barrels of one length, and when the gun was set in motion all were liable to go off at once. I had been kicked over the alcohol barrel, punched between the lubricating oils and the demijohn and looked like a sewer rat, when I felt that if I ever was to become a doctor I should furnish a skeleton at once. In self defense, I opened with the family heirloom, which required both hands to manipulate, and within five minutes half the population was around to see what caused the explosion. I wondered myself. I shot the shingles off the roof, ruined a ten-gallon keg of port wine, tore a hole through the partition, wounded a dog in the next alley and never touched a man in the room. However, it was just the same to the in-

surgents. The scatterment was complete; one fellow went through the window and carried the sash with him, and the others broke open the outside door and ran, yelling murder. I offered to plead guilty to any charge brought, but it wouldn't go. I was given the freedom of the city and was informed that this was a joke gotten up all for my benefit, and that the threshermen had been made "particeps criminis." They had just thought of initiating me in the mysteries of the profession, but had no idea that I had a revolving turret concealed about my person.

I didn't sleep any that night and concluded that I would try a few more years of country life early next morning; but my work on the bottles had made my stay a necessity, and they all joined in the urgent plea for me to become a permanent fixture. I stayed. I sold those fellows one of the first threshing outfits I ever sold, and made them pay dearly for their joke of ten years before.

Patience Exmeplified

Our Uncle Job, whose boils and gourd vines were a great source of annoyance to him, might be called in evidence to show that man is not always what he is cracked up to be; in fact, about the only thing that is just what it is cracked up to be is ice. But Job has been quoted so much as being a man of patience that he was credited with having broken the early records. But there came a time when Job's safety valve blew out the stopper. Of course a man with seven sons, to say nothing of three healthy girls, could naturally enter a plea of abatement for becoming irritated, now and then, when the family were all testing the constitution and by-laws of the paternal household, but to ring in the devil and let him in on the ground floor of the trouble department and allow him to suggest the kind of punishment to be administered, must have been a trying time for the old man. The average sky pilot of the present, under similar conditions, would vote to have the old orthodox place of future punishment re-stocked with modern appliances for tak-

ing a roast out of his persecutors. Job did a little stunt in profanity when they reached the climax, but he only showed his human nature.

Some people are such chronic kickers that if they got to heaven they would make a roar if the golden streets were only eighteen carats fine.

Don't brag about your ancestry,—there is nothing in a name excepting what we make it. The human trade-mark is not worth copyrighting, except first hand.

It is about as hard work keeping some men in the middle of the road as it is keeping their wives in new frocks.

Giving the devil his due doesn't hinder him from being a devil still.

Saying No

Learning to say "no" is one of the hardest things to do. I used to believe about all that people told me when I was a boy. It's different now. I believe what I know to be true and give the rest the benefit of the doubt. When I was a farmer boy and the pack peddler came along he usually sold me a pair of fifteen cent suspenders for half a dollar. I believed that he had bought them at a bankrupt sale and was giving me the inside track in the deal. When a man comes to you whom you have never met and calls you "Mister" and speaks your name as familiarly as your next door neighbor does, and begins coming up sideways with his wing down, like a barn-yard rooster making love to a hen, you can safely bet that his gasoline sparker is ignited and that somewhere about his clothes is the prospectus of a book or a lightning rod deal of equal proportions. When I feel symptoms of this nature surrounding the distinguished looking person who calls on me and who refuses to tell the nature of his business or present a card, the office boy

displays the danger signal and tells him that alarming symptoms of smallpox have recently developed on my person and prevent my giving an audience to others than book agents. A dose or two of this kind usually brings to light his grafting process so that it is much easier saying "no" on the outside than when one of these special embassadors gets a foothold where I am wont to grind out editorial fiction. I would once have considered it rude to do an act of this kind; however, butting up against the hard-shell propositions of this cold and clammy world has taught me that a good way to get rid of too persistent people is by smoking them out. It's easy to be diplomatic about saying "no," and turning down a bore. Just use his own ammunition on him. The man who seeks business upon an honest representation, be he rich or poor, is entitled to business courtesy, but the liars and browbeaters whose stock in trade is their gall, can be handled best in their own way.

A little girl called the other day and said she wanted to see Uncle Silas on business. She wanted to sell him some soap. She was but ten years old and was trying to earn her own living. She was admitted

and left with an order for a dollar's worth of tar soap. This little girl was a missionary and knew that newspaper people need lots of soap. As she departed full of smiles, a man with a scheme for making folks rich saw the smallpox sign displayed above the door and that is about all he did see.

♣

When a fakir is trying to sell you a gold brick and assures you that he is losing money on the deal, you should be as much of a philanthropist as he and refuse to take advantage of his generosity.

♣

When a man begins to tell you how sorry he is that you are in hard luck, and what a magnificent fellow he knows you to be, if you are in trouble, the quickest way to close his throttle is by asking him for the loan of a "V." Men who are really sorry for their friends don't proclaim that fact, but just drop their nickels in the slot and saw wood. The man who claims to be your friend on dress parade is the first to beat a retreat when you are under fire.

Inconsistency

The trouble with most of us is that we don't try to see ourselves as others see us. If we did, we would all be ashamed of each other and ourselves thrown in. You can't help what the other fellow says about you, but you can help doing all the things he says you do. We criticise a woman for her acts and when she buys a new bonnet her jealous sisters say all kinds of little things about how she looks, but they wait until she can't hear them.

Most men are prone to wander, and the majority of them follow their proneness. They will give their boys wholesome advice, and warn them against the very things that they have rubbed up against times without number.

There are women in the world, good women, too, who are just a trifle inconsistent in their preaching and their practices. Some of them are so fastidious that they want to insist on the Venus de Milo wearing a full suit of clothes, and yet they appear in ball-room attire with just a fringe more above their equator than adorns the Madam de Milo, whose supply of fig leaves

was a trifle shy at the time she sat for her original photograph.

There are men in the world, claiming to follow the teachings of the Good Book, and who say grace a yard long when they have company, who begrudge the hired man butter on his bread to prevent him choking the hopper. Every man should feel thankful for his daily bread and have good manners enough to say it out loud, but he is not called on to lie down in the trough at feeding time. In giving alms, too many of us want our trade-mark a size larger than it is necessary.

I have heard louder amens in church than at a nigger camp meeting, by the worldly brother who afterwards landed on the minister's solar plexus in a real estate deal.

A Greenhorn's Experience

"Open confession is good for the soul" is an old Methodist adage, and having a slight trace of that creed in the family herd-book, it is but fair that what I am about to relate in reference to my past experience should not be done in a hypothetical way, using the alias of "Bill Jones, the Greenhorn," or the "Ups and Downs of Josiah Slick," but in the old orthodox manner calling a spade a spade.

In my early life I had an opportunity of rubbing up against the mahogany once in a while, and having a "nigger" do the rest, but the date of my arrival on earth was delayed a little too long for getting used to it. There came a time very early in my career when the shackles of the slaves were stricken off and the auction block of human slavery was upset, and I was left to do the "rooting" for existence, instead of depending on the darkeys to have my boots shined, and for producing the aforesaid boots to be shined. This great change in the affairs of men and little refugee boys brought me up against the real thing so early in life that I had

to do more grubbing with a hoe than with a bill of fare at swell dinners, hence my table etiquette was sadly neglected. I knew a corn-dodger from a hoe-cake and the ordinary way in which I was supposed to create a vacancy at the table among the good things, but not as my boys do. Don't I remember the little red napkin which first met me at the table? It was folded three cornered, like I used to see them iron other articles which belonged to the wardrobes of very small children, and I thought it was a queer little table cloth. Boys used their coat sleeves to clear away the molasses stains in the days of my boyhood, and if they had a red bandana for Sunday, they felt real proud.

With these little drawbacks you may draw your own conclusions about how I would act when they gave a swell dinner and strung out the bill of fare from "pressed chicken" to tooth-picks. I had to open the ball with lobster salad. I am long on this kind of diet now, for I have rubbed up against it until I don't shy any more; but the first time! The lobster was not so bad, nor the hazel nuts scattered through the salad, but the amount of mustard plaster which I was compelled to de-

vour to get at it was what warmed the inner man. "Spagetti au gratti" was the next Italian dish on the list. I was afraid of this, but it is not what it reminds one of. Think of a country jake trying to land spagetti with a fork, and then think of a crane trying to swallow an eel and you will get the idea. It was too slick for comfort. I had more in my pockets than I had in my stomach at the end of the second inning. Olives and green persimmons never agreed with me very well. They are both alike in taste, excepting that olives have the advantage of a sea voyage and get mixed up with enough salt water to overcome the rest of their faults.

It's the correct thing to eat roast "goobers" in these days of parties, but we didn't do it down in Dixie forty years ago. As a machine man, I have sustained the reputation of the profession, even at the expense of showing my ignorance, and I have harpooned everything from Genesis to Revelation in an up-to-date bill of fare. It required nerve to have a waiter stand behind my chair and watch all the slips and mis-cues, and hold the crumb-tray to catch the falling provender, but I have stood for it all. Yea, more, I have been

hoisted up to the skylight parlor to poke my feet under the table and eat all kinds of beasts and reptiles under assumed names, just to hold up the reputation of the profession, and noted with pain the smile that greeted my debut. I have heard it said in a stage whisper that I was "Uncle Jerry, just landed, b'gosh!"

Still, I rather like the old fashioned noodles better than the fish worms under the Italian nom de plume; and souse made on the farm may have consumed more pigs' ears than that made from chicken, but I never hankered for the change.

I tell you these things, boys, not in a spirit of vanity, for the experience gained in this way is not calculated to make one vain, but to give you tips about how to act in swell society. You are expected to put up with all kinds of agonies, and then lie about what a splendid time you have had when you tell the folks good-bye. You will do it, too, just as I have done, and then you will smile when you see another tenderfoot begin in the same old way.

Charity With a String To It

Money is said to be the root of all evil, but there are lots of people ready to subsist on roots. Our human selfishness is manifested in every act of life. When we do a friend a good turn or when we give alms, the Good Book tells us to "Let not the right hand know what the left hand doeth," but it is strange what a good detective the other hand is and how much of what we do leaks out. We are adverse to having it made public, but it is a fact that we feel a swelling of the heart when we read big headlines about our generosity, and what real puddin' we sometimes allow ourselves to become in our charity. There is a difference in how we manage to tell about it, too. Set it down as a fact that all human beings who have hearts big enough to give and brains enough to acquire the gifts, love to know that what they do is appreciated. When you give a tramp a "hand-me-out" which your delicate vitals cannot digest, do it so that he may relish it all the more, knowing that there is no string to it. I remember once of a tramp who called at a house and begged

the lady for a lunch. She brought him a piece of bread as hard as flint and offering it to him, said, "Not for your sake nor for my sake, but for the Lord's I give you this bread." The tramp bowed very low and said, "I thank you, madam, very much. Not for my sake nor for your sake, but for God's sake put some butter on it." There is lots of bread given in the world that lacks the butter of pure charity. We give it as we throw a bone to a dog, and half the savor is lost in the giving.

We all make good resolutions, but most of us allow for the hem and shrinkage.

Charity covers a multitude of sins, but gossip is the hyena that digs up the graves of many a buried sorrow.

There are a lot of fellows ready to throw themselves into the financial breach when a friend is in trouble, providing there is a chance of gobbling up the breechpin.

A Hot Proposition

The hottest proposition circulated in the summer time is the hornet's nest. Next to "tobasco sauce," the hornet has the right of way.

"The sparrow builds her pretty nest of
wool and hay and moss,
She knows how to build it best, and lay
the twigs across."

But the hornet don't do it that way. He is not like the sparrow, nor even like the English sparrow, for he is harder to head off when working the steering gear of his automobile. No, he don't build his "pretty nest" that way. He scrapes the fur off of the fence rails and house roofs and uses Spaulding's glue and sticks it together like the Chinese do their fire-crackers. Then he hangs his nest to a tree limb right where he knows a boy will see it, and he puts a chip on his shoulder and waits for the trouble. He always finds it, too. Boys are willing to take chances on getting "short-circuited on his live wire" in trying to tear down his abode. A hornet's nest is shaped like a strawberry, only it's

as big as a peck measure and contains more "animal heat" than a lime kiln. A hornet can fly a mile a minute and poke his proboscis into you at every jump. He acts like a gatling gun, and he can hit the bull's eye every shot. If hornets couldn't find any boys to raise Cain with, they would alter the plans of their houses and build them in secluded places and out of range of clubs and stones.

Bumble bees are mighty warm insects, but one hornet could hang icicles on a whole swarm of bumble bees. My advice to boys who are hunting relics is to advertise for imitation hornets' nests, if they must have them. They are not half so dangerous. Hornets' nests come to life three years after they have been hung up to dry.

Scarcity of Funny Men

As I have observed heretofore and may observe again, the funny men who write to make others laugh are growing scarcer every day. What the old heads used to paint with their pens, the modern newspapers do with cartoons and colored pictures now. And as with the humorist, so it is with the orators. In the old days an orator would pop up whenever needed in the halls of legislation, and pour out torrents of words and sentences that rolled over and over and burst near the door keeper like a sky rocket in the air on a Fourth of July night. But they don't do it that way now, that is, not many of them. The statesman of today gets his hired man to dictate his speech to the stenographer and he has it printed in the Congressional Record, while he says any old thing he pleases when his turn comes. Old Patrick Henry was one of the boys who never waited for his stenographer or addressed himself to the galleries when he was standing waist deep in eloquence. From the day in which Daniel Webster saved the woodchuck's life by his plea, un-

til he emptied several thousand words in an oratorical stream that washed out the piers on which Senator Hayne had builded his great bridge of eloquence, he always let his stenographer have a vacation when he had a big speech on. Orators, like funny men, are born, they don't grow, and the demand, like any other American product, exceeds the supply.

A boy who has no mischief in him will never set the world on fire. His intellectual dynamo needs rewinding.

An idle brain is the devil's workshop, and he seems to be having a great wave of prosperity these days, along with the rest of us.

When a man begins shaking hands and congratulating himself on being a real bright fellow, and smiles when he looks in the mirror, his mental boxes need babbitting.

Pay Your Way

If you want a man to help you in any undertaking, pay him for it. Nowhere in this cold and grasping world can men be found who have the ability to transact business, who can afford to give their time and means to further the schemes of other men without a share of the gate receipts. I have never had a particle of trouble in all my life in interesting folks in what I wanted done, because I have tried to be liberal in return. If your hired man earns you money, pay him for it. If your confidential man brings in the fruits of his brain and labor, from great questions over which he has pondered while you were asleep, pay him for it. I hate the deadhead idea in life. This thing of allowing ourselves to become barnacles, and hanging to other people and wanting that which we have not merited, is all wrong. It is human nature to want to be paid for what one does. The employer who looks after his people's interests as he wants and expects them to look after his interests, never has any strikes or troubles with unions. It is the man who is willing to ride

in carriages and drink wine bought with the earnings of half starved girls and hungry boys, whose remains are laid away to rest without a wreath of flowers from those who toiled that he might live in luxury. I have no earthly use for walking delegates and trouble shooters in the business world who go about stirring up discord, and trying to make those who labor believe that they are abused; neither have I any patience with the man who grinds his people down and half pays them for making him rich. One is just as wrong as the other, and if you want your employees to love and serve you, treat them so that they would scorn to do wrong.

The Changes of Dress

I have noticed with much interest the changing styles in women's wardrobes. I can easily see how they have to change things around pretty often to keep the milliners and dressmakers out of mischief, but I never dreamed of women changing their attitude so often. It used to be the style for women to walk uprightly. I don't mean from a moral standpoint alone, but physically speaking, and their dresses were made to assist nature in covering up the seeming defects. Then they changed fronts or rather backs, and got their garments to show eleven inches ahead of them perpendicularly and it really looked as though they were standing ahead of themselves and in danger of their feet being left behind in the race. Years ago they did not make the same impressions in handling their skirts at street crossings that they do now. I have wondered at this, and yet, throughout their several hundred different attitudes, I have always thought the last change the best.

Classical Music

I don't know much about high-toned music, but I do know that I don't like it. I have lied about it, and admitted that it was very nice, while I was at the opera and a giddy looking young woman dressed "a la mode" came out and squealed and scraped the roof with upper C while she sang in three sizes of music at once.

I used to think the old-fashioned fiddler, when he played "Money Musk" and "Old Dan Tucker," could get more genuine music out of it than all the new fangled gimcracks I ever heard.

I went to hear an up-to-date fiddler the other night, one who played nothing but Italian music, and while the rest of them clapped their hands and thought it was out of sight, it sounded to me like a pig squealing.

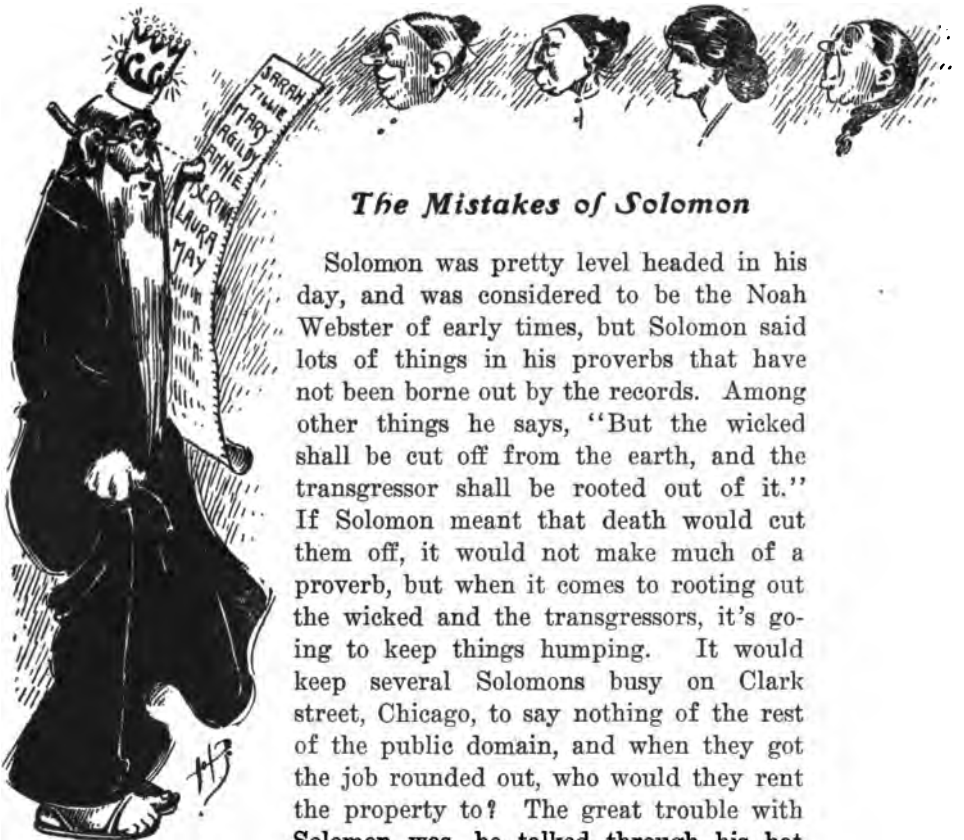
He stood up and chased the tune up and down the bridge of his fiddle and finally landed in one of the slots under the bridge. Then he started up hill and about the time you made up your mind that the tune was going on a visit to Mars, the bottom dropped out of the propelling attachment,

and it fell below zero. Then he would flourish his bow and stand straight up and look like a Jeffersonian guard at the World's Fair, while the people applauded. The macaroni and cheese were visible all through the strains, but what was the good of it? Nobody understood it but himself, and sometimes I thought he missed the connection. It was high toned, and all that, and Mr. Max Benadictine was onto his job all right, but like James Whitcomb Riley, it made me "want to hear the old band play."

Some music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, and other music would drive him to drink.

It hardly pays to sing "When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies," unless we are going to look up the abstract pretty closely.

If a man don't know when to keep still he don't know when to talk, and when he does open the throttle there is not much pressure in the boiler.



The Mistakes of Solomon

Solomon was pretty level headed in his day, and was considered to be the Noah Webster of early times, but Solomon said lots of things in his proverbs that have not been borne out by the records. Among other things he says, "But the wicked shall be cut off from the earth, and the transgressor shall be rooted out of it." If Solomon meant that death would cut them off, it would not make much of a proverb, but when it comes to rooting out the wicked and the transgressors, it's going to keep things humping. It would keep several Solomons busy on Clark street, Chicago, to say nothing of the rest of the public domain, and when they got the job rounded out, who would they rent the property to? The great trouble with **Solomon was, he talked through his hat about some things, and, it has been intimated, that like another distinguished divine of the Latter Day Saints, who departed this life some years since at Salt Lake City, he didn't keep up with the pace he set for other folks. In the early seventies the daily papers were fertile with the**

"doin's" of the wives of Brigham Young, from Sarah Jane on down to Ann Eliza the 19th, who escaped from the prophet and wrote a book about how they kept the faith in their business, yet Old Brigham poured out a lot of proverbs every Sunday at the tabernacle, and then consulted the calendar to see which wife he had to eat chicken with that day. Solomon was a very wise man, but none of those who came after him up to the present Sultan of Turkey could ever break his record on wives and those who registered as such at the hotels.

Looking Backwards

THERE are lots of boys and girls living on the farm who wonder if their lot is not harder than all others. They have not had the advantages that other boys and girls have, and they long for the better days when they can have fine clothes and live in style. They look over the fields and pastures where nature is the artist, and, as they see the train flash by, crowded with passengers, well dressed and having a good time, while they have to plow and hoe and milk the cows and do the drudgery, they long for a life of ease which they fancy that city folks all enjoy.

Let me tell you a little story, or rather come with me, and let us look back over the past, while I tell you my experience and then you may judge whether your lot is harder on the farm than if it were cast among those of the city.

Over forty years ago I was a little boy living on the banks of a southern river, where I first heard the calliope play, and

I used to say that if I ever could become rich enough to own a calliope and ride on a steamboat and wear fine clothes and be with the rich, I should want to live always. The storm clouds of war burst upon us and death and disease, added to the horrors of war, scattered us as sheep without a shepherd. Alone, a wanderer on the face of the earth, I landed in a strange country surrounded, as I thought, by the enemies of my country, but in reality its best friends. I saw other girls and boys dressed in fine clothes and surrounded by luxury, while I was a beggar. No, not a beggar, for I never asked aught of any man on earth, to whom I did not give just return, but I was without a home and without a friend, excepting the Friend of the poor and lowly. I toiled as you have toiled, perhaps harder and longer. Education I had none, and it seemed for years that every move I made was a wrong one. But "There is a God in Israel" for every boy and every girl who tries to do his or her duty well. As the two score of years have rolled away, I have grown to manhood, and the other boys and girls have grown likewise, and my hands have been multiplied and filled many

times, yet the most comforting thoughts that come to me now, are that I have tried to help other girls and boys to better their conditions in the world. It has been possible for me to have the home that I used to picture as a mansion, in the long ago, and, while not rich, I have enough to live upon after having divided my earnings as the loaves and fishes were divided to the multitude. But let me finish the story. A few weeks ago for the first time in forty-two years, I visited the old home again, but the home was not there. I tried to find the streets where my baby feet had trod, but the streets were also gone. I stood upon the river banks where I first saw the engines of war, gun boats loaded with soldiers and ugly looking brass cannons pointing from every side. I stood in the same spot where I stood in 1862, when five hundred Confederate soldiers poured a deadly fire down on the unprotected heads of a boatload of Union soldiers. I heard the shriek of the whistle from the flag ship in the lead to another far down the river to shell the town, and then I saw what seemed to be a mighty conflagration. It seemed raining fire and brimstone all over and around us. Then I ran as I never did

before; some of my friends think I am running still. The river is the same as when I used to go there fishing, when I was "so happy and so poor," and, standing there beside that river, I looked back over the great tragedy of the past, and back over my life from a little boy to the present, and I can truthfully say that it matters but little where our lot is cast if we but try to make the best of it. Some of us will become rich and some will remain poor, but the contented mind is a continued feast, greater than much gold. As your accumulations grow, so will your responsibilities increase, and the richest man is far from being the happiest man. It is commendable in us all to try and better our conditions in life and become independent as far as taking care of ourselves is concerned, but the boy or girl who tries to make life what it should be, and who improves the golden span by trying to make others happy, will not have lived in vain. Remember that riches and fine clothes and luxury are not to be compared to health, happiness and contentment.

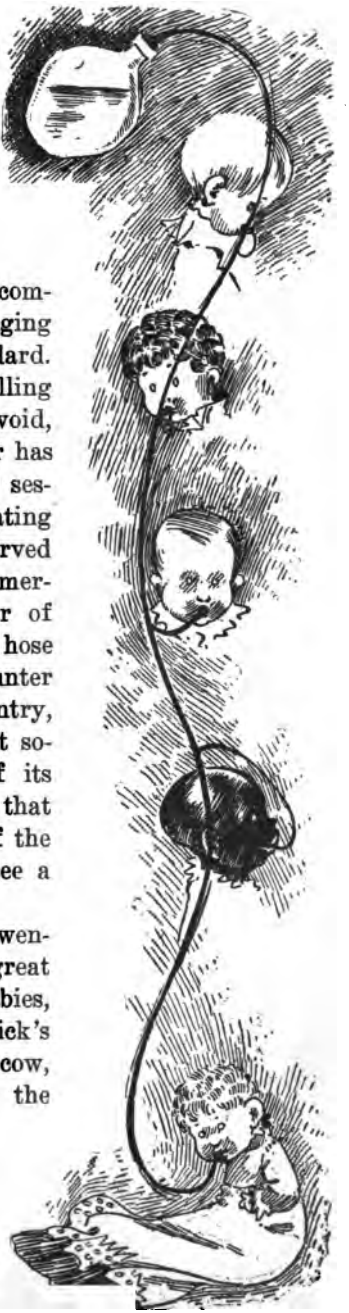
Cranks Growing in Number

This crank business is becoming strenuous. Years ago, about the only cranks that bothered folks were inventors who came around machinery exhibits at the fair grounds and insisted on exchanging their ideas for a few thousand dollars. We used to have to tie these fellows up with a rope until after the rush, but now even the President of the United States is bothered with cranks every day or two. He can't even get up and make the fire in the sitting room and put the tea kettle on so as to have an early start, without a crank knocking at the front door and wanting to show him how to run the government. These pests with wheels in their hats are beating the English sparrow in persistence, and something should be done to suppress them.

The Raising of Children

I notice that the President has recommended a more strenuous life in bringing the family tree up to the original standard. He has not issued a proclamation calling for volunteers to fill up this aching void, on the part of the American herd, nor has he convened congress in extraordinary session to make an appropriation for creating larger family flocks, but he has observed the great dearth of healthy young Americans, and also the alarming number of the regulation glass demijohns with hose and nozzle, advertised at bargain counter prices in the drug stores of the country, and, like many of us, he realizes that society has deprived the little one of its mother's nourishment and substituted that of the gentle bovine until one-third of the children will bleat every time they see a jersey cow.

As the Chief Magistrate of nearly twenty millions of mothers, and with his great paternal heart going out to the babies, whose choice of food lies between Horlick's Malted Milk or that direct from the cow, which in so many cases encounters the



high waters incident to wet springs and the obliging milkman, it is no wonder that the President wants to take the mothers and the little ones back to the good old democratic days when one glass bottle and a foot of rubber hose would have supplied a whole township. The President is showing his loyalty to his country and to humanity and to God, by urging that the family herd book be increased to its normal size. The way to do this is by raising more babies at the mother's breast and fewer by the aid of jersey cows.

Secret Societies

Secret orders are all right. They supply a long felt want on this mundane sphere, and do a power of good. The widow's needs and the orphan's cry comes nearer being heeded by the secret societies than by the churches. The secret order is organized for furnishing bread and butter to those in need, while the churches' duties are to post bulletin boards along the road to glory. When you hear a man combing down secret societies and calling them horse thieves and robbers, don't let it raise your bristles and cause you to get into a yow yow with him over that which he knows nothing about. It's money to marbles that the very order which he rakes over the coals the hardest has ministered to the wants of some dear friend of his, in need, while he was snoring like a fog horn at sea. Secret orders are all right and don't need any defence, but sometimes they are overworked. A man who belongs to all the up-to-date orders of the day is kept too busy on pass words and signs to have much time to plow corn or hoe potatoes. A reasonable amount of

secret work is good and wholesome for any man who believes in the teaching of the Great Nazarene, that when we give alms to leave off the sounding of trumpets. It helps him to broaden out in the realm of doing good to others, but let him not forget his other duties but strive to acquire that with which he may help those in need as set forth in the ritual of his order.

When we cannot convince a man by our arguments we set him down as a crank.

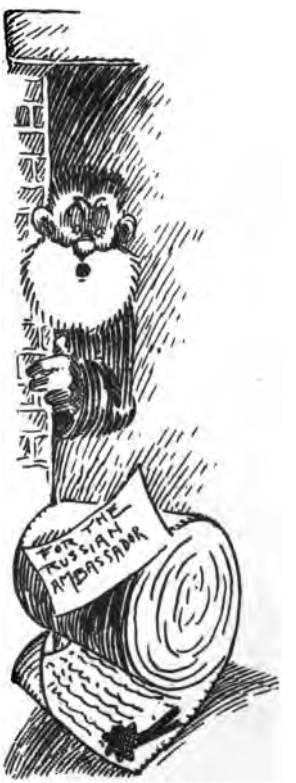
We are all prone to wander, but few of us act as guide boards to keep others out of trouble.

When you hear that your neighbors have criticised you, ask your informant for a bill of particulars of the defense offered in your behalf by him.

It don't cost anything to say a good word for another and many times it helps him out of a hard place. Kindness costs less and pays greater returns than money at compound interest.

Mind Your Own Business

Nations, like individuals, have the happy faculty of wanting to mind other people's business to the detriment of their own. When the Russian cut-throats massacred the Jews as a kind of opera buffa, the children of Uncle Sam set their protest to metre and one morning when the Russian ambassador at Washington got up to split the kindling wood, he found that he had left the ax outside the house. When he opened the front door, a protest the size of a bale of hay (no relation to the Secretary of State) rolled on him from the American nation, telling him in seven languages how we deplored the act. Just a little while before this the official collector of the United States for the district of Turkey called to see Chekib Bey, and told him that his old man's note for damages to our missionaries had gone to protest, and unless he whacked up instanter we would foreclose the chattel mortgage on his harem, and that a couple of our Fourth of July battleships would be around the corner soon, to carry off the cargo. This all looked like the duty of a good and pious



Christian nation, but when these heathen in the "fureign parts" indicated that we had also been a little slack in our manners, we marvelled. They informed us that we had enjoyed several barbecues of colored voters without having even invited the diplomatic corps to watch the proceedings. Then forthwith we realized the force of the argument.

It's all right to remind other folks of their short-comings, but let's not neglect our own affairs and make a bluff at being the Christian nation we claim to be before we do too much remonstrating about the short-comings of others.

About Gypsies

I used to wonder where the gypsies came from and what they were here for, but I don't consider their coming or staying longer a mystery. They used to tell us that gypsies recruited their ranks entirely by stealing little boys and girls and kept alive on what they could steal. That's a chestnut. They have doubtless stolen children in the past and may steal others now and then in the future, but that is not their recruiting station by a long jump. They use their own incubators with great success, and a good husky old gyp and his fortune-telling mate can manage to scrape together a flock big enough to fill the demands of the most exacting. And the way in which they gather the moss of life is not by theft, but by playing the suckers. When a flock of gypsies light near a city, they get as busy as tumble-bugs and are not much more particular about their surroundings. The men swap horses, the children beg and the women tell fortunes and charge the regulation fee for it. They do as much business as a circus, according to the amount invested,

and leave as little behind as the army worm. As long as there are suckers with fifty cents to pay for being told about the future, there will be gypsies to collect the tolls.

If there were no gold brick customers, the manufacturers would soon go broke.

The man with whom children and dogs won't associate will bear watching around your chicken coop.

Wealth is said to never bring contentment, but if poverty has any special corner on the same claim, it has not been developed to any great extent.

While the politicians are howling about the surplus in the treasury and the burdens of the tax payer, let it not be forgotten that most of the government revenue is collected on whiskey and tobacco, of which no man is obliged to tote a share unless he feels called on to carry a jag or "the makin's" of a cigarette.

Human Deception

We are prone to take things for granted too often, when common sense should teach us better. We go to the dentist with a toothache and we ask him if it will hurt real bad to have it pulled and what is the result? From long experience and from necessity he has learned to be a cheerful liar because everybody asks him the same question, and he has learned to tell them the same old lie until he believes it himself. He assures you that it won't hurt you a bit, but that it is positively a pleasure to undergo the operation, and you halfway believe it yourself. Then he proceeds to fasten the cant hooks on the aching molar and drags you about the room for five minutes while you yell like a football rooter and upbraid him for telling you a lie, when common sense should teach you that no dentist can pull an aching tooth without pain.

Pharaoh's Persistence

I admire a certain amount of persistence in anyone. It's a good thing to have in your business, but an over-dose of it sometimes causes a lot of trouble. I can't help thinking what a mistake Pharaoh made when he held out against Moses, and all he had to contend with while he kept the Children of Israel in bondage until most of them were old men and women. It might not have been just the thing to give in because it rained frogs and lizards and lots of other things on him, but it does seem that he might have saved his widow from realizing on his life insurance for several years if he had not tackled the Red Sea deal. Of course, like the Spaniards in our last war, he may have felt called on to have a few of his folks killed for the sake of his ancient honor, and all that, but any man who couldn't tell that the cards were being stacked on him, when he found a whole sea backing up and allowing his captives to cross on dry land, should have retired from the rulership of the nation. The Chicago street-car barn murderers could have told him that he

would see his finish if he ever attempted to drive across a sea which had just kindly consented to divide its waters to allow the other fellows to cross. Moses had Pharaoh licked to a frazzle, hands down, long before that, but he didn't want to kill him too quickly. Moses had been told that death by drowning was the easiest way out of it, and so he just dallied with Pharaoh and teased him along with frog bait until he got him where he could kill him easily, and then, in the kindness of heart, he turned on the upper wickets and the Red Sea did the rest. As I said in the beginning, is seems to me that Pharaoh was over-persistent. He would never have made a good hand to follow Dewey or Schley.

The Cry from Macedonia

There is a song in the hymn book about a "Cry from Macedonia" and lots of Christian people are singing it, but the Turks never learned the song. Allah and Mohammed were not much on setting things to Turkish metre, but while the alleged Christian nations are singing the cry, "From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand," the Turks are doing all in their power to stop the sale of the music by leaving no one in Macedonia to do the crying. Murder, butchery, outrage, and hell itself are represented in the Turk, and the nations of Europe are sitting by and growling at each other like hungry dogs over a bone. Turkey will never get its dues until the Judgment Day, and it looks at this writing as if it will be necessary to hold court until late at night to pass judgment on the Sultan's gang at that.

On Imagination

The fertile imagination with which man often clothes his ideas is one of his chief characteristics. He soars in the upper atmosphere of thought and strikes right and left with his paint brush and produces a picture that thrills the very souls of mortals, without considering the results were his story true. John Milton was one of these great artists. "Paradise Lost" will never grow old but will charm the Christian heart as long as man lives. But think of the results could it have been true that "There was war in Heaven," and that "Michael and his angels fought" against other angels, good or bad! In telling of the great battle in the clouds, Milton says:

" . . . and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? When
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements."

Think of a whole band of angels, the

very least of whom could pick up a world and hurl it through space with the unerring aim of an angel at an opposing saint on the other side! Milton made a pretty good guess on the results when he said, "Had earth been then, all earth had to her centre shook." When it got to close quarters like a Wisconsin football team, with whole armies of angels turning on thunder and lightning at each other and loading their cannons with stars out of the "Milky Way," even a war correspondent could not have asked for more interesting news from the front. Milton drew on his imagination for the cast of characters in Paradise Lost and he was right there with the goods, but it was a heavy strain to furnish the material.

Sir Thomas Lipton

Sir Thomas Lipton is a genuine sport and comes over once a year with a new boat to try and win back a certain old battered cup which our fellows took away from his folks about the time we had a final understanding with them. The strange coincidence in the case is that when we first had trouble with Sir Thomas' ancestors it was over the tea traffic and several cups were lost in the scrimmage, down at Boston Harbor, while Sir Thomas' long suit is tea and not loving cups. Of course he spends a barrel of money jollying our fellows about the challenge cup, but he winks the other eye, for we are buying his brand of tea and paying him regulation rates per. It is nice, though, to deal with a real good fellow, and Sir Thomas can raise the rate every time he gets beat as a sailor and nobody will ever make a kick. In fact, if he wants to increase his trade and advertise his tea right along, the thing to do is to keep on letting the Yankees win.

Marrying Foreigners

I still notice that an occasional American who started life by driving the cows to pasture and using a four-tined pitchfork for a manure spreader, and who, by leading a strenuous life, becomes wealthy, now and then manages to barter his daughter to some shop-worn nobleman with a title as long as a broom handle, and with holes in the heels of his socks. What any sensible American girl who knows enough to chew gum without a receipt means by allowing herself to be placed on the auction block and knocked down to a warty looking nobleman, in exchange for his title of Senor Spagetti Au Gratti, or Don Pedro Fernandez, who offers in exchange for her money and her virtue an empty honor that would not get him a meal at a twenty-five cent restaurant in his own country, I can't figure out. Talk about blood! Why, half of these so-called noblemen now on the market and marked down to bargain counter prices are simply apologies for men, while in these United States there are real noblemen, worthy of any woman, who are cutting corn and running thresh-

ing machines and who are better than any foreigner advertised in the herd book as wanting an American wife with a million dollars, to sew the patches on the seat of his Sunday trousers.

Marriage is a lottery in which every man believes he has drawn the capital prize until the honeymoon is over and he tries to eat his wife's cooking.

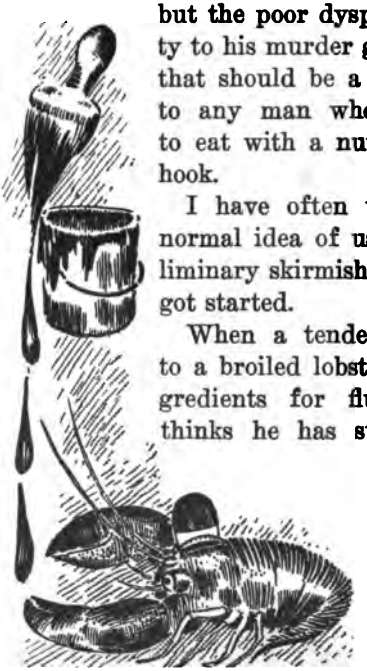
I love all good women who are trying to make the world brighter, excepting those who feel called on to act as chaperones for pug dogs.

While there are quite a few henpecked husbands, there is a greater per cent of roosterpecked wives of whom no mention is made.

When a man finds that marriage is a failure he wants it all put in his wife's name.

The Lobster

The lobster is the Colonel Ruth Goshen of the craw-fish family. He is the Cardiff Giant of the whole tribe, and during the closed season is in great demand. As food for man, under certain conditions he is a welcome guest. He is not as green as he looks after he has been given a hot bath and passed along with the tobasco sauce and horse radish. The unfeeling cannibals who scald lobsters to death may look out for squalls in the world to come, where the fire is poked up pretty regular, but the poor dyspeptic devil who is a party to his murder gets his reward in dreams that should be a finger board of warning to any man who wants broiled lobsters to eat with a nut cracker and a pruning hook.



I have often wondered where the abnormal idea of using lobsters for the preliminary skirmish of a three days' jag ever got started.

When a tenderfoot is first introduced to a broiled lobster, and the necessary ingredients for flushing his appetite, he thinks he has struck a snag as big as

Noah's Ark, and what is as impossible for him to eat. But he learns as he progresses and has his conscience stunned with a few dippers full of booze and it's a wonder that he don't eat the whole carcass. Like pickled pigs' feet, the toes of a lobster are the most there is of him. The lobster is certainly a misfit all around. He gives everything he meets the glad hand, still his steering rudder is not up to the expectations of his friends, nor in proportion to the rest of his make-up.

There are lots of things about a lobster that I never understood, including his digestive tract. When I say grace over a broiled lobster, I include the wish that his demise did not occur from any contagious disease six weeks before the waiter hands me a slip of paper bearing his obituary and the undertaker's charges.

The Opposum

Did you ever look at an opposum? He grins at you with a smile as wide as a horseshoe, when he don't mean it. He is a deceptive blarney and pretends to be dead when there is nothing the matter with him. The opposum is of Irish descent and adds the "O" to his name like the Dutchman does the Von. An opposum generally gets "tail holts" on things before he makes any fuss about it. He don't like niggers, although they are very partial to him from a cannibalistic standpoint. As is usually the case, Mrs. Opposum does most of the drudgery, and carries the children around with her, but not the same way an Indian squaw does. She has the burden of proof on her side and never kicks about it. Lots of chickens have gone the way of the earth via the opposum route, which stand charged to the account of their colored admirers. An opposum can use his tail as freely as a skunk, but he don't give you as much for the money.

Wisconsin's Humorists

While we are counting noses and taking stock in editorial writers, let us not forget Wisconsin. It was here Brick Pomeroy first shot his editorial star in the firmament and created lots of fun and lots of sentiment in the out townships. Of all the writers of his day, Brick Pomeroy could lead by a length when it came to getting the juice of sarcasm boiled down to the fluid extract. No man had a more caustic pen, nor feared he anything on earth. Of all the gang, Brick Pomeroy could come nearer getting his money's worth out of a man whom he wanted to roast than any other man in the editorial field during his day.

Your Uncle George W. Peck, former governor and a prince of good fellows, was the funny man of Wisconsin. Besides his "Bad Boy" articles, published in Peck's Sun, and afterward in book form, the editorial writings of Governor Peck in his palmy days were brilliant indeed. His review of Mrs. Langtry in the zenith of her career, and Freddie Gebhardt, then a youth, was one of his most sarcastic ef-

forts. Freddie was following Mrs. Langtry around like a bob-tailed Fido, showering attentions on her, and she had been cautioned by her friends against it. She tried to smooth it over by saying, "Why, Freddie is only a boy; he is but twenty-two years old." Your Uncle George has been a close observer of people and things and the way in which he pointed out the dangers of fooling around an American youth of twenty-two was a caution. He warned the unsophisticated young lady to beware of the dog. He told her of lots of his personal experiences and warned her to keep Freddie on his own side of the barbed wire fence, or there would be trouble all around. While Peck's Bad Boy may have caused other boys who have read it to try and imitate the young rogue who played the leading part, yet few men have caused more smiles in the world over their writings than George W. Peck.

Tomcats and Politicians

Tomcats and politicians both use the fence a goodly portion of their spare moments. The tomcat will climb up on the back fence and tune his fiddle-strings in upper C and begin a painful wail that goes out in the night air like that of a baby with the colic, only more so. He will hump his back and get up his bristles like a prize fighter and continue the performance until company rushes in to see what the trouble is. If those of his own sex call his bluff there will be a full-grown hair-pulling right before the footlights. If his sympathizers are of the female persuasion, it's different. He snarls and spits and threatens considerably, but he plays Samson to Delilah just as human beings do.

The politician is like the tomcat in many ways. He uses the fence about as much only for a different purpose. He wants to find out which is the safe side to crawl down on. He beats the air with hot talk and swells up and blows as much as a tomcat and, not unlike the latter, he is flexible in his manners when the ladies are around.

Successful politicians bow down and paw and scrape to the ladies and take the babies up in their arms and tell them that they are the future statesmen of the nation, and in that way they stand in well. You see, the tomcat and the politician reach the same results, only in a different way. Both use the fence whenever they are in doubt.

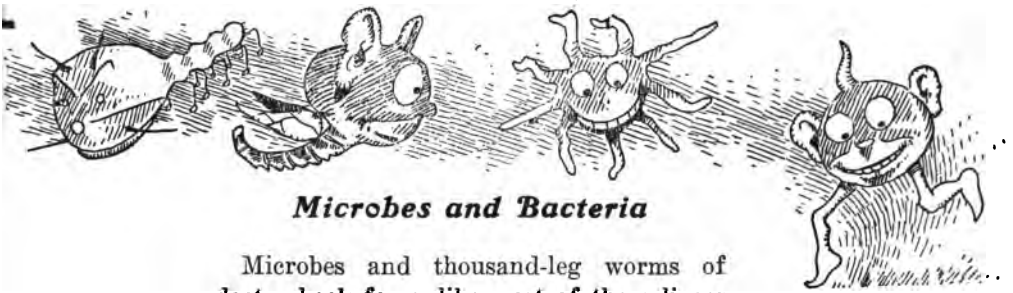
I am not going to question the family record of Moses nor try to create any doubt about the bulrush deal that Pharaoh's daughter sprung on her old folks, but as an old man who has many doubts about the transactions of life, I have wondered if she really did not know just who hid the great law giver in the bulrushes, that she just happened along at the right time to adopt him into the tribe. It wouldn't make any difference with Moses now, nor cast any reflection on the king's daughter that her relations would have to live down, so our opinion would not cut any figure with the revised edition of history anyhow.

A Plea For The Dyspeptic

Reader, if you have never had a genuine case of dyspepsia then you don't know what you have missed. If the intermediate gear of your feed grinder (to use a machine term) has never been out of balance and you have never felt as though you wanted to abuse your best friend, you have much to be thankful for. The writer has rubbed up against these human ailments many times. He has felt that much of this world's vanity, including its liver regulator, was a poor article. Did you ever go to bed after invoking Divine aid in forgetting all of the prevarications you indulged in during the day, along with other indigestible rubbish, and did you not, on such occasions, oscillate with your mouth while in slumber-land like unto the noise produced in the sawing of a gourd, and use your nasal tubes for a trombone accompaniment? And did you sleep the sleep of the just? I trow you didn't. If you failed to

realize on the assets, after having devoured sundry courses of beasts, birds and reptiles, including shell-fish with claws and lunch-hooks, and swept them into your yawning esophagus with divers Manhattans and high-balls, then you are indeed a cuckoo. The man who can hold down all these modern finger-boards to the cemetery and not dream of a few entertainments awaiting him on the other shore, where spears are used for pruning forks wherewith to prepare him for the final round-up, that man is worthy of a tontine policy in the Northwestern Life Insurance Company.

Be kind to a dyspeptic. He needs your sympathy more than he does your opinion of him at the time. He is a villain, but if you will use the curry-comb on his feelings and straighten him out, he will admit that he should be tried, condemned and executed on general principles. Sometimes he takes a sensible view of the situation and commits suicide. We are glad to say, however, that he never does this but once. Here is where vaulting ambition, as Josh Billings used to say, over-leaps itself. It is the losing of the combination of the time-lock, and the fellows who try it are sorry for it.



Microbes and Bacteria

Microbes and thousand-leg worms of doctor book fame, like most of the eclipses of the sun, are invisible. They are as prolific as the old-fashioned greyback of the Civil War, but you can't have the same satisfaction in attending their demise. When an old soldier felt an inclination to scratch every time he got near the fire, he did not require the signal service or weather prognosticator to tell him what the bacteria were doing. But the invisible varmints that inhabit Chicago drinking water and the oyster beds along Chesapeake Bay are not as easily located as the old-fashioned variety of bacteria. The billie goats are also charged with being able to produce three generations of fleas in twenty-four hours, without working over-time. Now that everything we eat and drink is said to be full of the deadly microbe, what are we going to do about it? We could fix the greyback by changing our clothes, but we are told to drown the typhoid bacteria in the oyster with lemon juice. The lobster, which we have learned to scald alive, is getting back at his inhu-

man tormentors by forming an alliance with the invisible varmints of disease. If the most obdurate bacilli and bacteria, lurking between the toe nails of lobsters, can stand the hot water cure in such cases made and provided, and still draw their breaths through the fumes of the tobasco sauce used in the embalming process, we cannot be led to believe that their side partners located in the succulent bivalve can be put to death with lemon juice.

An Indiana philosopher is inclined to think that Ananias was a tombstone peddler, and inherited the trait which caused his sudden demise by making up epitaphs.

The watering places are often what their names implies, but the use of the troughs come pretty high sometimes.

The danger of going out on a lark is in coming back in an ambulance.

Beyond Man's Comprehension

Preachers tell us about the bright and beautiful world beyond, but preachers can only picture what they hope it will be and their power of discerning is but human. The Scripture tells us that God created the earth in six days, but geologists tell us that it has been a hundred thousand years in formation. And so it goes in everything. But because of these ideas and differences, does it make eternity any less beautiful or does it make the earth other than what it is? Does it not seem reasonable that the power which made it possible for the earth to be, and to remain suspended in air, revolving regularly around on its imaginary axis, bringing day and night in their turns ever since earth was, and to make the seasons and all things that are to bring comfort to man; does it not seem reasonable, that the power which made the mountains, the upheavals of which, when they were formed, must have shaken the very universe with the terrible shock which brought them forth, that this great power has provided amply for the future life? Does it not seem true that

God, the greatest of all geologists, knew what was best, and would He have created a world and filled it with people who have reasoning powers, and given them souls, and then neglected their welfare in the hereafter? Let the preacher continue to paint his pictures of the future world, the geologist continue to pry into the hidden mysteries of earth, the astrologists continue to scan the heavens with their mighty search lights of telescopes, and let them gain all the knowledge that was intended for man, and let every human being learn all he can about the sacred truths of eternity, for God has set the bounds beyond which no mortal can tread; and what He desires that man may do, let him do. But when the time comes for leaving this old world, with all its joys and all its sorrows, sorrows that sometimes come and crush our lives as would the great mountains which are the wonder and admiration of the geologist, were they to fall upon us,—when the time comes for man's dissolution, he will know what is in store for him in the great beyond, and until then, let him trust in the Lord. Of the stars that shine at night, the poet has said:

Beyond Man's Comprehension

"The wise of earth pretend to know
Wherein the realm of space you go,
And as the years and ages flow,
Behold your ceaseless revelry."

But the wise of earth have never known nor has God intended that they shall know those things which are reserved for the hereafter.

It is well to learn and know much, and every man should acquire knowledge, but we can safely trust the future in His hands who made the earth and all earthly things.

Editorial Philanthropy

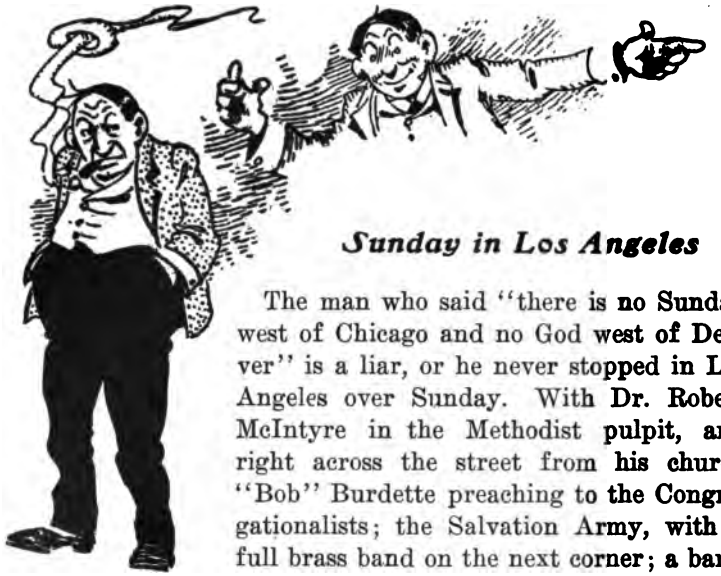
Newspaper men are not grasping as a rule; they envy no man his worldly goods, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor any of the other articles set forth in the bill of particulars, Exodus XX, 17. Ever since the days in which Franklin first published the Saturday Evening Post, editors have proven their unselfishness by giving big write-ups in exchange for sassafras roots and pumpkins. Franklin, Bill Nye tells us, was offered a corner lot in Paris and the county printing to come over there and start a weekly paper, but he placed loyalty to home and Philadelphia above personal greed and, looking down through the ages, saw the Curtis Publishing Company using a whole block to print the late editions of his paper. There is, in these United States, located somewhere in every little village of five hundred and upwards, a Benjamin Franklin with his G. Washington hand press, grinding out the news by the midnight oil that the sluggards who snore may have their home news next day. Every

mother's son of these half-paid printers and publishers is a martyr to the cause. The brains required in getting his "boiler iron insides" out of the express office and through the press, the earnest pleadings for the delinquent brethren to whack up, and the hours of toil which he puts in on his paper, if spent in other vocations would make him a millionaire, yet he toils on and does not covet his neighbor's ox nor his mule. No man except a thresherman ever fills the measure half so full for the money he gets as the newspaper publisher.

It is said that all things come to him who waits, but the things that generally reach the spot come to him who hustles for them. Don't try the waiting theory if you want good seats at the opera house.

A mighty good way to do in the world is to do right and saw wood. The loaded wagon makes less fuss than the empty one. The still pig also gets the swill.

If you wait for the "owl car" of life, you may expect to occupy it when you reach the end of the journey.



Sunday in Los Angeles

The man who said "there is no Sunday west of Chicago and no God west of Denver" is a liar, or he never stopped in Los Angeles over Sunday. With Dr. Robert McIntyre in the Methodist pulpit, and right across the street from his church "Bob" Burdette preaching to the Congregationalists; the Salvation Army, with a full brass band on the next corner; a bareheaded Doukhobor playing John the Baptist and going up and down the streets with his shoes off, flourishing a broomstick and exhorting sinners to repentance, and on the opposite side of the street three other kinds of religion perculating through the minds of as many different kinds of street preachers, and forty odd other places of worship running wide open every Sunday, the Lord couldn't help taking notice of things on the Pacific Coast. Of course, San Francisco has lots of Chinamen and a goodly sprinkling of American Hottentots to the bad, but across the Rocky Mountains from the East the Star of Bethlehem will rise for those who believe that there is a God in Israel for those who serve Him.

The Vermiform Appendix

The vermiform appendix is the silent partner in the digestive tract of man's anatomy. It's the kangaroo pouch gone out of date and the derailing system for preventing a mix-up in the lower regions. We used to get along without it, but in the late years no man whose tripe fails to grind regularly, would think of attributing the defect to any other cause than vermiform appendix. It's as fertile a factor in man's imagination as the label on a patent medicine bottle. You read of the symptoms and your feed grinder begins to hatch out symptoms in whole litters, then you read again of the thirty-seven diseases warranted to be cured, and you are sure you have them all. But before the aloes and jalap, the potent factors in the make-up of the medicine, get the kinks all moving, you get scared and send for the doctor, and don't tell him what you have tried to torpedo yourself with, and he sees the red lights in your derailing system flaring at him like a headlight of a traction engine in a fog, and he tells you that your vermiform appendix has to be chopped off.

Then you are in for it, sure enough. They split you open and run a cant hook inside and fish around and pull out your almanac display and off comes your vermiform appendix. It costs $300 besides the patent medicine that caused the trouble and you are marked for life.

♣

Some hard facts are chiseled as epitaphs on grave-yard rocks.

♣

It is not what the life insurance man thinks of your family, but of the premium that you agree to pay.

♣

It's good policy to submit gracefully to the inevitable, but before we do let's be sure that it's the genuine inevitable, with the name blown in the bottle.

♣

Some men are so rushed in this world that if they were to die tonight they would want to come down town in the morning and work until the hour set for the funeral.

Aunt Sally's Endorsement

It doesn't matter so much how we express ourselves if we are only earnest and sincere in what we say. This was most forcibly impressed on my mind at an old-fashioned Methodist revival down in Indiana when I was a boy. Three miles west of Colfax was Old Bethel Church, where the saints and some of the sinners held many revivals which resulted in hundreds professing religion. These were the most helpful days of my life and the lasting impressions received there will never grow dim in memory. Somehow or other, when a gray-haired old brother said Amen! it seemed to reach higher than it ever has since, and I used to feel certain that the Lord was within hailing distance. When those good old mothers in Zion stood up and testified to His saving grace it seemed that the Shekinah had come down from heaven and tarried there. Their faces seemed lit up with a holy light and they not only walked with God but they talked with God, and sometimes shouted for Him. An amusing incident happened at one of these meetings. It was amusing to those

of us who were not full of the Holy Ghost. Aunt Sally Wyant hadn't been in the fold as long as some of the other sisters but, as the revival progressed, she, too, felt the quickening of the Spirit and stood up and confessed her sins and said that God had forgiven her. As she sat down Aunt Sally Kendall, one of the Godly women of earth, whose very countenance was like a benediction from the Lord, got up and testified. She not only talked with the Lord but she walked with Him and shouted for Him. She went up and down the aisles of the church and shouted the Master's praise and, coming to where Aunt Sally Wyant sat, she shouted, "He is able to save you and me and to save us all. Glory be unto God in the highest." This was more than Mrs. Wyant could stand and, springing to her feet, she shouted, "Bully for God!"

The Lion and The Lamb

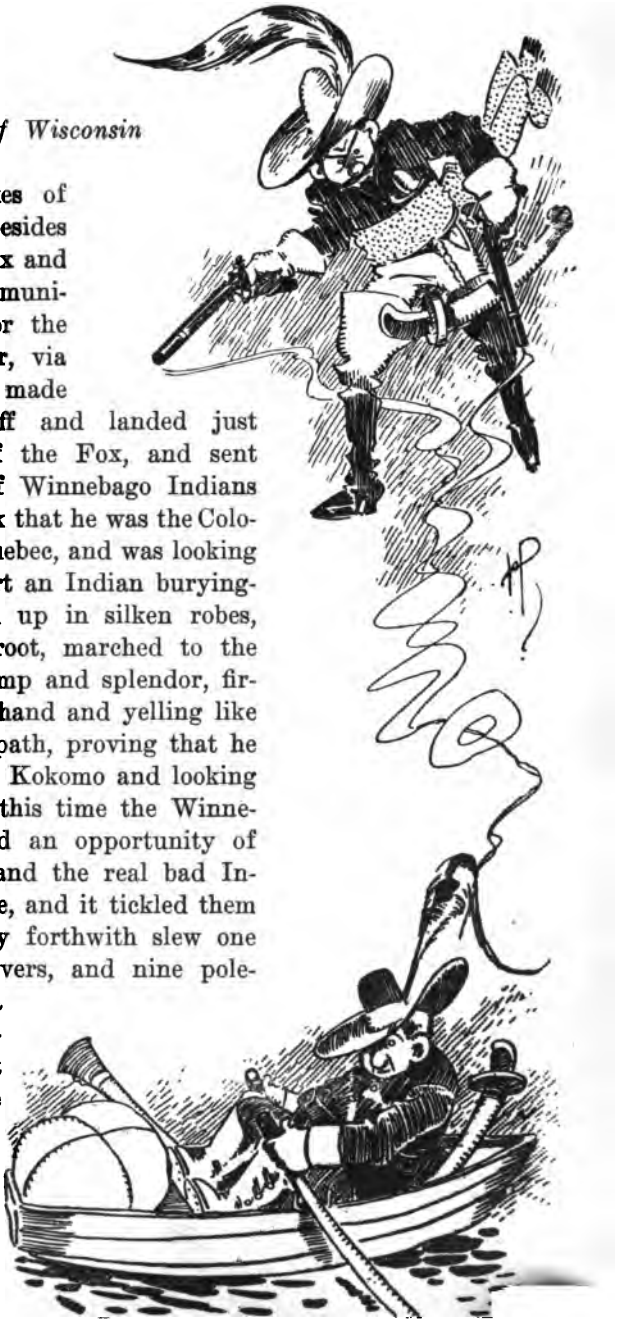
If the millennium ever gets around (and some folks believe it will in a few thousand years) and they try to put into practice what they preach about, there will be a mighty lively time. The lion is ready to lie down with the lamb, all right, but any old lion who can growl like an old-fashioned cotton press used to growl during the war when it hadn't been greased within six months, would vote "aye" on the lying down idea, but it would be hard on the lamb. He wouldn't ever follow Mary to school any more, even though there wouldn't be a white ribbon on the front door at Mary's home. The millennium is all right in theory, but let's try it with the lion in his cage during the first few rehearsals and be sure to have him muzzled besides.

Discovery of Wisconsin

An Irishman when asked his opinion about an important matter, replied: "A good way to ascertain a fact is by finding it out." That is how the old discoverers and explorers held down their jobs. It was so in the case of discovering Wisconsin. While no definite information had been received in "New France"—now that part of Canada in and around Quebec, which the Fenians sought to annex several years ago—about a state being in need of a discoverer, yet the politicians all agreed that Wisconsin was the place to start a brewery. Therefore, when business got a little dull in the discovery line at home, along in 1634, Samuel de Champlain, governor of New France, hired Jean Nicolet, a French explorer with a 2:10 record, to come West and blaze the way for the beer that made Milwaukee famous. Jean Nicolet was promised that if he got a scoop on this job he should have a hotel named for him in Minneapolis, no matter what kind of a subsidy Saint Paul might offer.

Jean Nicolet bought a peck of colored

beads and two boxes of Wheeling stogies, besides an extra cartridge box and forty rounds of ammunition, and headed for the mouth of Fox River, via Lake Michigan. He made the trip in a skiff and landed just below the mouth of the Fox, and sent word to a village of Winnebago Indians a couple of miles back that he was the Colonel Jack Chinn of Quebec, and was looking for a location to start an Indian burying-ground. He dressed up in silken robes, and, lighting a cheroot, marched to the Indian village in pomp and splendor, firing a pistol in each hand and yelling like a Sioux on the war-path, proving that he was a bad man from Kokomo and looking for trouble. Up to this time the Winnebagos had never had an opportunity of seeing Buffalo Bill and the real bad Indians on dress parade, and it tickled them most to death. They forthwith slew one hundred twenty beavers, and nine polecats, and set up a feast that Nicolet enjoyed hugely, but which has long since



been stricken from the bill of fare at the hotel in Minneapolis named for this great man, where poor and weary pilgrims traveling from afar may find food and drink at $3.00 per. This is where the first streak of daylight dawned upon Wisconsin from the old settler's point of view.

Nearly forty years after this, Louis Joliet and Pere Marquette started from Quebec in a row-boat and made the trip via the straits of Mackinac, thence across Lake Michigan, down the Fox River to Portage. Here they decided to locate the Madison branch of the Saint Paul Railway. They took in the Dells of Wisconsin, went down that river to the Mississippi, and on down to the Arkansas River, where they rested and refreshed themselves. They made the return trip via the Illinois River and located Chicago and the Illinois penitentiary. Honing for a little honor along the way, they tossed up a coin to see who the town should be named for, and Joliet won. Having gained this point, he agreed that a county in Wisconsin should be named for Father Marquette. After this old man had done so much, and had assisted in having Wisconsin lubricated and ready for business,

posterity built him a monument and offered to give it to Uncle Sam, but the "A. P. A.'s" refused it shelter in the national capital. Such is life, and such are the facts as to how we came to have and to hold this great commonwealth of ours.

Insomnia keeps its victims awake at night, but not half as much as poker does.

A new broom sweeps clean and raises lots of dust. A young man sometimes makes a clean sweep but don't raise any dust.

Appearances are sometimes deceptive and we are told "Judge not, therefore, lest ye be judged," and all that, but my family is willing to bank on their conclusions, when I come home just before dinner with the smell of roasted coffee on my breath, that I have not been dallying around the advertising counter of a grocer who has a new brand of coffee served in tiny cups by a smart young woman with a patronizing smile. No; their conclusions are that I have been up against an altogether different kind of smile.

Enoch and Methuselah

The old folks way back in the early centuries simply lived because it was fashionable. The undertaker business, excepting in time of war, had to be used as a side line to make ends meet. Among those who were paying investments for life insurance we might mention Enoch and his son, young Methuselah. Enoch just lived on and on for three hundred and sixty-five years, until his friends on the other side got tired waiting for him and sent for him to come over alive. Enoch, so Bill Nye says, telephoned his family physician one morning to come over and help him meet young Methuselah, and from that time on Methuselah proved to be a stayer. Methuselah missed the opportunity of his stay on earth by not having it taken down in shorthand. Think of the number of good things he might have kept for future generations during the six or seven hundred years of his active life. But Methuselah, like many who have come after him, lost his opportunity and the brief mention by his biographer hardly does him justice. He goes on to tell us

that Enoch didn't get his hand in on raising a family until he was beyond the limit of man in these strenuous days and that Methuselah, his first attempt, was born when Enoch was sixty-five years old, and, in spite of whooping cough, measles, and other troubles, Methuselah lived a hundred and eighty-seven years before his first child was born, and that for seven hundred years after that he continued to increase the family record and at last, at the age of nine hundred and sixty-nine years, the newspapers regretted to record his going hence. My! What a picnic a newspaper man could have these days if the time limit was extended like that of Methuselah.

After mature deliberation, our corn-field philosopher is inclined to account for the longevity of Methuselah from the fact that there were no cook-books in use in those days.

The Scriptures tell us that "The poor we have with us always," and some of us are willing that they shall have a permanent abode.

Unvarnished Truth

The unvarnished truth at all times would not sound well in print, nor would it be considered good table talk, but this is no reason for downright lying. You don't always have to state the facts without the clothes on, as facts, in their nude state, are sometimes embarrassing. But this does not license us to lie in a horse trade or put the big apples on the top layer in the barrel. A man known to be truthful in other matters will swear by the beard of the prophet that a ring-boned old plug with the spring halt can make it in better than twenty. It is naturally understood that when a man has a horse to trade it is because he wants a better one, or more money to boot than it is worth. This should be taken for granted and the sin of commission should not be added to that of omission. We all forget to tell the shortcomings of the horse, so why lie about the rest of it?

Tragedy

I have wept over tragedy and honed for a hand in a killing bee, when the villian was getting in double time at the climax, but I am tired of it. I can see enough of tragedy in everyday life to suit me. I don't believe in a good girl having to go through all sorts of contortions and hair-breadth escapes, dodging between the curtains and around the flies just to make people weep, and I don't hone for the job of being the martyr who gives up his best girl and ascends the scaffold to die in the place of his friend. It don't pay. The friend would marry the girl within a week and refuse to accompany her to your last resting place while she placed flowers on your grave. It's all right to do the clean thing and help your friends when you can and when it don't call on you to do any martyring, but keep a steady hand on the safety valve of your feelings, for you will find the stock of reciprocity running low if you ever get in a tight place yourself.

No, I don't like tragedy. It's too real sometimes and when they make a mock of it it don't do the villian justice. Give

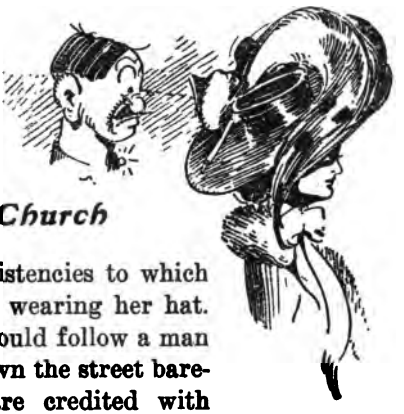
me the comedy every day in the week except Sunday, and don't let the minister get too serious then. I would rather see the red-headed Irishman, dressed in plaid breeches, with stripes six inches wide and a green vest to match, come out and make cracks that bring a roar, than all the divorce cases and Tallyrand mix-ups on earth, and I love the Hans Von Blinkenstopher who wears wooden shoes and has a soul full of innocent mirth that wreaths your face in smiles. I never had a very high regard for Napoleon and his kind and after I saw him on the stage with that everlasting frown and overbearing way of his, with old Tallyrand and the others, I didn't sleep very well for a few nights. When I can lie back and laugh, and cheer a good comedian I don't get bilious and abuse my folks for a week afterward.

Drawbacks of Royalty

It must be a delightful sensation to be a king or queen. For a man to wake up about the turn of night with twenty or thirty of his guards jabbing him full of holes and calling on him in a rude and angry manner to stop snoring and get ready to die, must be a sensation never to be forgotten. This was the little surprise that was sprung on the late lamented king and queen of Servia. The insolents did not even offer an apology, like a Frenchman usually does, for having to perform an unpleasant duty, but proceeded to puncture the tires of royalty with swords and spears until the carpets had to be taken out and sun-dried next day before they could entertain any more royalty in a like manner. It is claimed by way of plea and abatement, that those who were so suddenly called on to part this life and climb the golden stairs were not up to the code of morals approved by the army of that realm, therefore it was thusly. We have often felt that should occasion require us to become anointed as king, we would plead a previous engagement and this last

little sensation only causes us to adhere to our original determination. Of course, a second-hand throne might have its advantages, but its drawbacks and the risk of one's relatives realizing on the life insurance are too great. King Peter may think it's all right but a throne which can be used for an altar upon which to offer up a crowned head as well as from which to issue ukases, is as dangerous as a folding bed and as unhealthy as an alligator swamp.

When a dude gets spavined from playing that new fangled game they call it "Ping pong ankle," doncher know, and when a man plays golf and gets the sweeny in his front leg they tell us that he has the "golf elbow." By the same token would they call it a felon if he drew a bad poker hand? I love to see folks ride in the benzine buggies when they can afford it and I admire their generosity in doing many things that help those less fortunate in life to earn a good living by catering to their wants, but a hired dress-suit never fits the fellow who can't afford one as a permanent fixture to his wardrobe.



Big Hats in Church

One of the few inconsistencies to which woman is heir is that of wearing her hat. Nine women out of ten would follow a man all over the place and down the street bareheaded; indeed, they are credited with never being bald-headed like men because they seldom wear any head-gear. But when they do, they make up for lost time. One of the first things you will notice at the theater is that just about the time the horns begin to toot the grand introductory overture, all the women will shed their hats, but when they go to church Sunday morning they sit perfectly oblivious to all around them, wearing hats as big as umbrellas, and the poor man who sits behind them can't even see the gestures of the minister. Naturally I think women are all right, but I wish they would shed their hats in meetin'.

A Good Story Teller

It is not so much what a man says that amuses a crowd as the manner in which he says it. What one man would say would make a congregation laugh, while another might tell the same story without provoking a smile. There are few better story tellers than ex-Governor Hoard of Wisconsin, editor of Hoard's Dairyman. I once sat at a banquet table, where the spirit of brotherly love was manifest and good fellowship prevailed. After listening to a masterly effort of Senator Spooner's, Governor Hoard was called on. In relating his experience with religious work and other matters, he said that his father was a Methodist preacher, who preached for a number of years, more or less, to the Oneida Indians in New York. As a boy, the governor was greatly taken with the idea of mastering the Oneida language, and when seventeen years of age spoke it with comparative ease. Several times he undertook to interpret his father's preaching to the Indians, but it proved hard on the gospel and still harder on the Indians. One day while attending a great Methodist

camp-meeting the chief of the tribe and his tutor in learning the language, Thomas Cornelius, walked with him into the forest, and seating themselves upon a log, Cornelius commenced the following graphic bit of thought: "You see," said he pointing to the various trees about him, "all these trees—beech, maple, basswood, birch, hemlock, pine,—all grow on the same ground; all point up. No tree like other tree. Basswood never say to hemlock, 'What you do all summer with winter clothes on?' Every tree like it to be himself. No tree say to other tree, 'Why you not like me?' Every tree mind his own business. Why not man same as trees? All grow on one ground. All point up." Then pointing to an old giant of the forest which had gone down, and which in falling had torn the branches from other trees, creating havoc and devastation, the old Indian said: "You see great tree. When great tree go down, make all other trees weep. Make 'em sorry. So when great man goes down. All good men are sorry. Trees and man most happy when all stand up."

The Indian philosopher's opinion of men and trees, painted in the words of this artist, made a lasting impression on

my mind. So did another story which the Governor told, illustrating the great advantages of fraternal gatherings. But he used a different kind of proof. Fraternal gatherings and fraternal organizations, Governor Hoard said, were not opposed by many good women, but on the contrary, were encouraged by them. When the wife of Governor Hoard knew that he was at his lodge, like most other wives she knew he was in good company, and the bigger the company the less the danger. In every community there are trouble shooters, male and female; the latter class he called "pin-stickers." One evening as Governor Hoard was returning from lodge, he fell in company with two ladies who walked a block with him, and one of these "pin-sticking" sisters happened along. The next time she met his wife she said to her, "You can't guess where I saw your husband up the street!" The good wife who had watched over her husband's welfare for many years replied that she could not guess. "I saw him with two women." "Well," replied Mrs. Hoard with a twinkle in her eyes, "Thank God there were two of them."

The Salvation Army

The Salvation Army may blow discordant notes once in a while that grate harshly upon sensitive ears, and the spring bonnet of the American Volunteers may not be adorned with a cluster of roses, but let us follow the procession of the Army down the street and hear their pleadings for fallen man. Let us watch the sweet-faced girl who wears the regulation hat, as she sings praises to God and prays for sinners, and let us watch the young Volunteer as she goes to the bedside of the sick and ministers to the dying, and we forget the uniform or see in it the sign of the cross. The uniform of the Salvation Army or of the American Volunteer, and the garb of a sister of charity or deaconess, will prove a safeguard for them in the dark and dangerous dens of the city where you or I dare not risk ourselves to go. The band may blow discordant notes, but every one of them causes the devil to work his bellows harder to overcome the good they do.

The Bottom Facts

Reader, do you believe in the laying on of hands? Do you believe that the innocent should suffer for the guilty? I don't. When you catch your boy puffing a cigarette, you no doubt feel it your duty to lay him across your knees and proceed to beat a tattoo on the seat of his trousers. But what's the good of it? Why beat him there for smoking? Out of the mouth proceedeth evil, not from his pantaloons. Make him wash out his mouth, but only use the strap when he slides down the cellar door on his new pants. As the teacher is doing in illustration herewith, let's get down to the bottom facts. A poet once wrote

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
Large streams from little fountains flow,"

and when the teacher asked his pupil to declaim it he got his lines mixed and said,

"Tall aches from little toe corns grow,
Large screams from little children flow,"

and then the teacher got in a tantrum and started for the bottom facts, but that would never make an orator out of any-

body. I don't believe in the laying on of hands or leather straps either, especially on little girls and boys. I have reasons for taking this position; so have you.

When we succeed in life, we take credit for it ourselves; when we fail, we blame it on somebody else.

It's pretty tough to make mistakes sometimes, but a comforting thought is that the people who make them make everything else.

College sports are said to be beneficial and are highly recommended by the faculty. But with half the outlay of money and at a great saving of time, a wood chopping could be arranged which would furnish muscle development. As for the girls, the Alpha Betas and Dammer Pelters could cook up a good big dinner and have a larruping fine time, and incidentally learn to cook. College sports could be improved on without any risk of broken necks or pneumonia.

On Dress Parade

We are a democratic nation and we boast of it. After much consideration our forefathers decided that we might call our Presidents "Mr." or "His Excellency," and even then some of our Presidents used to ride up in front of the White House, hitch their horses right where the automobiles move along these days, tear off half a day's business and then ride out to dinner. But we are gradually growing away from the old ways and, whereas our sea fighters used to wear their breeches in their boots and call on the President without his even noticing it, now they wear wider braid on their clothes than the musicians in a minstrel band. We are getting to be some pumpkins on dress parade and if we can't have our particular stall at a public reception or march in the diplomatic procession according to our genealogy in the national herd book, we refuse to play. An American admiral of these days has on as many togs as John Philip Sousa.

The Ground Hog

In being afraid of his shadow, the ground hog is like some other folks. Just why the shortest month in the year should have been selected for his advent, profane history fails to record, neither has it ever been made quite clear why there should have been a dispute over the dates. One class of believers in the ground hog theory affirms that he takes his observations about the weather on the second day of February, while other zealous admirers insist that St. Valentine and the ground hog occupy the same date in history, as far as birthdays go. Don't set your thermometer by the ground hog's prognostications or you will miss the mark as often as you hit it. At the time of Noah's big rain the ground hog was right on hand with the rest of the menagerie and after they took down the storm doors he and his wife started in business under Mount Ararat. This seems to have given the ground hog the tip that ledges under mountains and hills are where the ground hog belongs.

The Fourth

HERE is nothing in the world that makes your Uncle feel more like scraping the cream off the "Milky Way" than to stir up the American eagle on the anniversary of the nation's birthday. It's marrow to my old bones, and when a good campaign orator gets up on the platform out in a grove and proceeds to soar the great bird of freedom until he towers above the clouds, I just want to shout like a colored woman at a Methodist camp meeting. Many years ago, way back in July, 1863, when I was a little boy, standing on the banks of a river in Arkansas, I saw the dear old flag waving from the masthead of a Yankee gunboat and I cheered its Stars and Stripes—and got a good ducking from my friends for doing it. I challenged the right to chase the colored man with blood-hounds when they were human chattels, and guess it must have been largely on account of my contrariness that I alone, of all my people,

dared to love the old flag. So, when the time comes for setting off sky-rockets and shooting fire-crackers, I always try to buy the biggest ones in the box. We used to shoot cannon and fire-crackers and all that went to make a noise, in my Southern home in the long ago, until we had other use for the powder than that of making a noise. But the war has long been fought, and another war has been fought, but they didn't duck any little American boys for cheering the old flag. Not much. Those who wore the gray, and their sons, stood shoulder to shoulder with those who wore the blue, and their sons, and the American eagle soared above the war clouds on land and on sea. The world was taught a lesson that it never knew before. Americans everywhere, from the North and the South, from the East and the West, have earned the right to shoot sky-rockets and fire-crackers and shout the glad songs of a nation free and brave. As far as your Uncle is concerned, he believes in celebrating the nation's birthday with spurs on.

The Business Aeronaut

The business man should never try to become an aeronaut. It don't pay and he can't afford it. It's well enough to inflate your business with a liberal amount of gas, but don't float it on hot air. There are too many men in the business world who are using hot air balloons, to make it pay. They will find a lot of "Cassie Chadwicks" in the world willing to give them a boost, but they are looking for bank officials who have a honing for increased salaries. The Andrew Carnegie parachutes always fail to work in these cases and they drop on the financial pavement like a ripe tomato against a barn door. Business aeronauts should have accident policies covering their risks.

The Jacksnipe

The jacksnipe is a splendid bird with a long nose. He lives in the South during cold weather and in the swamps up North the rest of the time. A jacksnipe is quick on trigger but he wabbles awfully. When he bids you "good-day" and leaves his regrets behind, he flaps his wings three times and is out of sight.

Next to the crane, a jacksnipe gets more good out of what he eats and retains the taste of his food longer than any other bird, excepting the great bird of Cork, which is said to stick its bill three feet into the ground at times. If the jacksnipe and pelican were to form an alliance it would be a formidable one. It would be as much trouble to introduce their bills in business as to pass a lien law in the Wisconsin legislature. I once tried to kill sixteen jacksnipes in seventeen shots, but it was too straining on the gun. I ordered a jacksnipe on toast at a Milwaukee hotel one time, but his demise had taken place three years before and only his bill remained lifelike, and the bill I paid for the inquest.

The Missionary

The missionary is a preacher whose salary will not permit him to use an automobile in making his pastoral calls. He sometimes rides an elephant, but goes mostly on foot. He makes a roar when the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone.

Missionaries in India can sing like they do on the Midway, and read the Koran offhand. Down in Patagonia the natives used to be very fond of missionaries and offered prizes for them, and many of them became so attached to the natives that they never returned home. Bulgaria is a great place for missionaries who have wealthy friends at home. From the samples of the heathens imported from over there, it would be a paying proposition to leave them to their idols. They are a lumpy jawed proposition and wouldn't feel at home in the New Jerusalem, anyhow.

Soft Spots of Life

We are all looking for a soft place to light in this busy world, and most of us want the corn shelled. We chase the rainbows, hoping to find the end where the mythical gold is hidden away. We yearn for the route along which we may find flowery beds of ease, and cast our eyes toward the promised land where milk and honey flow, and we stretch out our hands for the cornucopia of plenty that we may possess its rich treasures. But what are we offering in return? The soft and downy beds of ease come only to those who toil for them or who inherit them through riches. The golden rainbows are found where the thermometer registers fifty degrees below zero, in the far-off frozen lands where the aurora borealis lights up the way. The promised land is reached only through trials, privations and toil, and where the honey is there the bees with many stings are to be found. The cornucopia that pours out its treasures must be filled by toil. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Solid Shot First

I once read in the old blue-back spelling book about a rude boy who helped himself to his neighbor's apples and when he was told to come down from the tree refused, and told the owner to go and bathe his fevered brow; and I read how the old man threw tufts of grass at him to make him come down and, as a final resort, pelted him with stones, which caused him to limber up very soon. Then I read of how Napoleon once dispersed a mob that threatened the life of the city. He ordered out a battery of artillery and commanded the soldiers to load one cannon with solid shot and fired it point-blank at the mob with his own hands. His officers plead with him to fire blank cartridges at first and if that did not produce the desired effect then to use solid shot, but Napoleon said, "Fire first with solid shot;" and one shot was enough, for the mob dispersed in all directions and Napoleon, turning to his officers, said, "Now fire your blank cartridges." Of course the plan of Napoleon was a very severe one, but it occurred to

me that a boy who was hooking apples rather deserved the stones first, not because some of us older ones have not at times been guilty of picking our neighbor's apples without going through the formality of advising him of our intentions, but because it was wrong and the boy knew it was wrong, if he knew enough to climb the tree; therefore stringent remedies are essential at times. Don't throw any grass at boys who swipe apples, for you may soil their clothes and thereby cause their mothers more work.

If a larger per cent of us would ask as few questions when the boy wants a new pair of shoes as when we send the horse to be shod, there would be fewer explanations to offer.

We all feel at times like praying "Lead us not into temptation," but it is generally after we get caught.

While you are tying up your dog at night, don't let your children run around loose.

The Pullman Porter

Whenever I ride in a Pullman car I don't forget the porter. It's his business to see that I don't forget him. What does he shine my shoes while I am asleep for and what does he use that little whisk broom for, just before I leave the train, if not to remind me that he needs the money? Pullman porters are all colored folks and most of them are honest. If you lose your tooth-brush or get another man's hat, they try to get you straightened out. I am glad that the colored man's interest is so well considered by the Pullman folks. I think of how Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator, gave the colored man his freedom that he might enjoy its blessings, and then I think of how his son Robert, president of the Pullman Company, hires him at twenty dollars a month and lets him board himself, and with what solicitude for the public welfare he turns the porter loose to collect his living off of the public. The former President was a genuine philanthropist, but I fear his posterity has grown exceedingly mercenary.

My Legal Honings

I used to want to be an orator and stand knee-deep in hot talk and pour out billows of eloquence and hear them roar and wash and lash the shore, but the tide never came in my way. I used to listen to the pleadings of the lawyer as he recited Blackstone, chapter and verse, and hone for the bar where I might simply set off a Fourth of July bunch of oratorical fire crackers every day, but the gift belongs to the few. Of course old Patrick Henry got a front seat early in the days of oratory, and Daniel Webster plead the great criminal case of the woodchuck, that prejudiced the court in his favor and caused his old man to order it released. Daniel Webster set the whole United States Senate on fire, like John C. Spooner does once in a while these days when he is upholding the honor of the nation and the loyalty of the President, but there is quite a grist of lawyers walking around the jail at roll call and offering their services to those on the other side of the bars whose profession, and likewise whose finances, would not allow them to adver-

tise, but they could make a better stab at scattering manure on a farm than at interpreting law. Yes, I used to want to be a lawyer, mighty bad, but not one of the jack-leg variety.

"It pains me greatly," as the jailer said to the prisoner, when he had several felons on his hands.

When my boy talks about "Riding a pair to mill," when he is playing whist, I fear that he has often furnished the sugar where he got none of the sweetening.

The way to stop boys from becoming bandits and robbers is by having more reading rooms and fewer grog shops where vice is studied and where villainy is the watchword. What Chicago and other big cities want is more Dwight L. Moodys and fewer trouble shooters; more Sunday schools and fewer questionable dance halls. The children are all right if their parents take them in time and teach them the road to honor. If the parents fail, then the home missionaries should be employed and the gospel fed to them instead of yellow journalism and cigarettes.

Elijah The First

After Elijah had grown old in prophesying he had a run of hard luck. They didn't pension Christian soldiers in his time nor did they provide a superannuated fund like they do these days (about enough to supply the preachers with animal crackers) and when the drouth struck Elijah's neighborhood it was close picking for him. But the Lord told Elijah to go to a certain place and it would be all right. The ravens had to carry knapsacks themselves, at that time, but they divided with Elijah. The point the author would like to make is, that when the ravens began bringing in provisions Elijah trusted in the Lord and didn't want to see the bill of fare and point out just what he thought a good-sized raven should be able to dig up. He was contented with what he got and never made any fuss about it. The fact that he had an active flock of ravens scratching around for rations was enough to satisfy the old prophet, but I am constrained to believe that most of us who are used to three full meals a day would have punched up the ravens pretty lively.

The Grand Prix

Everybody who had anything to exhibit at Paris, from an apple peeler to a threshing machine, was given a "Grand Prix" by the committee. This might have been expected. The French are long on these little mementos and inclined to give everybody one along with the glad hand who will come over and leave a few francs behind, as a guarantee of good faith.

I was over there once, but I wasn't looking for any chromos of this kind. I wasn't in society, for the undertaker was smiling every time I passed by. You know a Frenchman is as long on smiles as he is on the Grand Prix when he sees business ahead. I cavorted around the French capital trying to get back my health—which I lost in a telephone deal over in America, where they give folks the grand bounce instead of grand prix when they do a good thing. I walked around the Eifel Tower and wondered if that wasn't about as near the "Pearly Gates" as lots of the anti-Dreyfusards would ever climb. Then I took a look at the tomb of Napoleon and thought of the grand coup that Welling-

ton gave him at Waterloo, and of the Column Vendome, which required a thousand Austrian and Russian cannon, captured by the dead general, to form the crust that covered it over. It looked a little like the water tower in Madison, Wisconsin, only it had a lot more brass. Then I pictured how the Americans would come over and do as I had, pay for their fun and receive those profound bows that only a Frenchman can get off when you drop a franc or two into the slot. I used to get their dignitaries and hotel waiters mixed up, and found myself asking a guest for a drink and apologizing to a waiter for having jostled up against him. I had a fairly good time with their cooking and claret wine—and since I come to think about it, I think they gave a Grand Prix with every bottle.

Laughing

I believe in a man laughing, or a woman either, for that matter, whenever they feel like it, and I believe in their laughing loud and long like they mean it. I despise a half-hearted, chilly laugh that acts like it had been over-layed in birth, and in which there is no meaning. If more people laughed and fewer scowled and seemed to begrudge an honest, open-hearted smile, the world would be better. God Almighty made man to laugh and enjoy himself and to mean it when he laughed, and he never meant people to be so infernally stingy that they couldn't even shed a ray of sunshine without begrudging it. Whatever you do, do it with a will, and don't begrudge the change. I have had men pay me money that they justly owed, who let go of it with such a "Farewell, vain world, I am going home" sort of air that it never seemed to have the same purchasing power of a dollar which comes with a free heart and "I wish you well" air along with it. Durn a stingy, tight-waded soul which is too small to fit in the hull of a mustard seed, anyhow.

Assagoatine

An Indiana doctor has discovered the latest serum for winding up the human clock and causing it to click as in the days of youth. He calls his discovery "Assagoatine," as it is made from the blood of the jackass and the billie goat combined. One puts life and metal in the heels and the other adds to the strengthening power of the mind. Sixty drops is a dose, and when once sur-charged with a supply the patient becomes a different being. He can kick at anything that comes along and butt in on the slightest provocation, no matter how low the ebb of life has been running prior to his being inoculated. The only danger is from over-doses, as a man is liable to eat up the family clothesline or kick the hired man off the place when he is under pressure.

Jacob's Ladder

Jacob was a good man in many ways, but he was troubled somewhat with insomnia. When a man sleeps well he don't dream much, therefore we take it that, at times, Jacob's rest was disturbed with dreams. His vision of the ladder was all right, but his sense of touch was not equal to that of the grafters of the twentieth century, or else he would never have allowed his father-in-law to flim-flam him on the woman question and beat him in the selection of Rachael for his first wife. Besides, after working seven years for a woman, a man who couldn't pick her out in the dark showed a lack of interest.

Jacob must have been a member of the fire department and manipulated the hook and ladder wagon. The five principal rounds of his ladder represent the five human senses, but there is a lot of vacant space between each round.

The Incubator

The incubator is a hot air proposition. It makes more orphans than a pestilence. It is the illegitimate parent of chickens, ducks and turkeys, and any other fowl that it can get action on. It hatches by lamp light and causes more trouble than the hawks. The only good thing about the incubator is that it can't turn its feathers the wrong way and make as much fuss as a setting hen or a woman during house cleaning. It don't brood over its troubles like the most of us, not even like the mother hen, but sits still and sets and hatches and throws out broods of chickens like a rapid fire gun scatters shells from its magazine. It has often seemed to me that incubators caused premature old age in the spring chickens, charged up to its hatching apparatus and marked down on the bargain counters of the poultry shops. The only thing that an incubator won't hatch is decoy ducks. The incubator acts so natural in its hatching proclivities and is so heartless in its actions towards its step-children that the wonder is that the society for the preven-

tion of cruelty to animals hasn't suppressed it long ago. I saw an incubator acting so natural at a fair once that the rooster in the next compartment tried to make love to it.

A good place to pass the time away is at the three-ball man's.

There are several tough problems to face in the world, one of which is a Texas steer in a cheap restaurant.

There is an old adage somewhere that says a "Rolling stone gathers no moss," but the rejoinder that "A setting hen never gets fat," takes some of the force of the argument away.

Selfishness is not a disease but is a trait of human character. It is one of the bumps of phrenology that grow on some people like a hump on a camel, and there is no use in our getting our backs up and denying the truth about it.

The Works of Art

There is nothing strange or unusual about the "works of art" which the sculptors have on exhibition in the museums throughout the country. On the other hand, the "land-marks" are strikingly familiar to most of us who have reached the years of accountability. But to an old man who must soon go hence, these human fittings in figures of stone would look a trifle more polite if they could be covered with night-shirts at least. I can't understand how those who delight to stand and gap at a stone figure and go into hysterics over the carving of a naked woman, should want to stone the original for posing for the duplicate. Illustrations of human life under all conditions are good ornaments for doctor shops, but I fail to see where either modesty or science gets on the cars in nude sculpture.

I am like the old man who took his wife to the World's Fair, and who persisted in going half a mile out of the way after a hard day's sight-seeing to have a look at the nude figures which adorned the Peristyle. He said: "There is nothing about them but what I fully understand."

His Satanic Majesty

As an unbiased historian I should dislike to say much about the devil, for many reasons,—one of which is that I don't want to believe in one. Then again, if he should bob up in my neighborhood on the other shore, I might get a roasting that would make my opinion of him look like the fuse of a fire-cracker beside a burning volcano. The devil has been accused of so much that really don't belong to him that he is considered a standing candidate for the sins of the world. 'Way back in the beginning, shortly after the first rift of daylight broke through the darkness, and Adam and Eve had started to house-keeping, about the first thing they did was to disobey the Lord and get caught red-handed with the stolen fruit. Naturally, as the head of the family, Adam was questioned about it and, like most of his sex have done ever since, he wanted the credit for the trouble put in his wife's name. When she was put on the stand she laid the blame onto the devil, whom she described as a big boa constrictor crawling around the vineyard and holding conversation with folks. A man

who was cowardly enough to turn state's evidence against his wife and cause her to lay it onto a snake, deserved to be driven out of the Garden of Eden. It was here that the excuse racket started and ever since the devil has been to pay and the devil has been charged with all our shortcomings. Even Milton got to seeing things and claimed that the devil used to be a saint in glory, and that rather than stay there in a subordinate position he preferred to get up a war and fight with all the good saints and angels right up in the air, and at last he got kicked downstairs and was given a third of the stars as his share of the gate receipts. This is a very pretty story, in a way, but it don't do the devil justice. The devil was once chained for a thousand years, but it must have been so long ago that he has forgotten all about it. It would be a hard job to lasso him again. The devil is either an overworked quantity or else he is sure of a big congregation at the final shake-down. About the only consolation that a tough old sinner can get out of the deal is that he is likely to have friends in both climates.

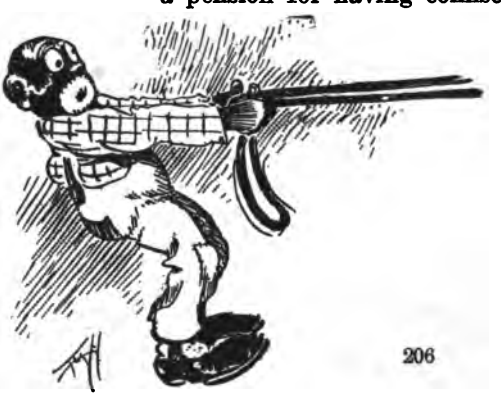
Human Nature

I make a study of human nature, now and then, and wonder how there can be so many different kinds of people in the world. And then, again, I can't help wondering why so many men sit around on nail kegs and discuss the policy of Congress, when it don't saw any wood for their stoves. You go into the country store and there you will find the regular official weather prophets gathered around in solemn conclave, and the political whittler will be forecasting results of the next campaign and maybe upbraiding the law makers for neglecting their duties as public servants, while his poor old gray-haired wife is bending over the washtub at home or maybe splitting some knotty wood to keep the house warm; and she has to sit up and work a maltese cross in the seat of his trousers after he gets to working his exhaust nozzle in dreamland. I make a study of human nature, but I can't see where these fellows become Ham headlights to society.

The Mule

The mule can chase his ancestors back to Noah's ark, but he is the last of the Mohicans. He lives to a ripe old age, but he leaves no posterity to contest his will. There is much seriousness about him, but it isn't unfair to say that you can't trust him too far. He will show a deportment of one hundred for six months and then kick the dashboard full of holes. They used to call a mule by a different name during Balaam's time and sometimes he acts like one yet. It was a mule that ran under the branches of a tree and got Absalom into trouble. I once owned two mules of the Santa Fe variety and they got me into trouble with the neighbors because of their loud and sonorous voices. The female mule remains single all her life as she don't believe in making a mock of matrimony. It was a pair of mules that drew our family across the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains and through the Mississippi swamps to Arkansas. Old

Jim was the head of the family and, contrary to most of his kind, wasn't the "damned beast" of the Deacon White variety but was a good honest old mule that used to plow the garden, go to mill and haul the family wood, until the Yankees came along and confiscated him. (Did you ever stop to think what big names folks use to legalize their rascality?) But Old Jim didn't stay confiscated. He dumped his rider the second day and the second morning after that he was back home nickering like he was glad to be back in poverty once more. He had learned the tricks of the Yankees even in that brief sojourn with them and had confiscated a good bridle and saddle for the services rendered. The government has since refused our third application for a pension for having confiscated Old Jim.



Darwin And The Monkey

From Darwin we learn that the monkey was one of the original plans and specifications set forth for the building of man. He reasons that it was necessary to do this in order to have a political party and they advertised for bids. Nothing was said about woman, for it was settled that she would be around somewhere when the drawing for ribs took place. This is how the monkey is thought to have gotten into society. He is there yet and bids fair to stay. Monkeys are on very familiar terms with themselves, especially when company is around and, unlike whiskey, they don't improve with age in this particular. Monkeys can beat newspaper men playing pranks and they make less fuss over it. While monkeys don't vote, they have about as good an idea of how to run things as many who have dropped their caudal appendages to make their dress-suits fit.

Mrs. Monkey isn't what we might call tidy around the house and is somewhat loose in her morals, but her folks overlook these short-comings. From a standpoint of intelligence, monkeys lead the organ

grinders several lengths. Monkeys are somewhat imbued with the Mormon idea and are polygamists, but they don't have any endowment house. The greatest proof of the Darwinian theory is that so many men act like monkeys and there is a striking resemblance in others. I notice that while monkeys are lacking in the elements of good breeding it is a fact, nevertheless, that when they are the busiest the crowd around the cage is the biggest.